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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: SPANISH TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH SAN JUAN, THE CAPITAL OF PORTO RICO.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

About breakfast-time, one morning last week, everybody who is not hard of hearing must have heard a deep articulate murmur of tremendous volume, rising from a multitude of households where impatient eyes had hastily skimmed the summary of the Budget in the daily paper. "Nothing off the income-tax!" I heard it quite distinctly, for I contributed a humble note to the melancholy diapason. True, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—God rest that merry gentleman, may nothing him dismay!—announced an extension of abatement. This may be very well for people whose dividends pop into the letter-box regularly every half-year; but suppose your income is derived from the combined resources of the inkstand and the grey matter under your scalp, and suppose their market rate, which constant fluctuations prevent you from defining, is kindly assessed for you by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue at a flattering but fictitious value? There's the rub, my scribbling brethren! One of those bits of yellow paper with which the servants, inspired by a beautiful instinct, always light the fire, informs you one fine day that your assessment has been raised above the blessed abatement; or, rather, it does not inform you, for, with the fastidious delicacy of a refined spirit, you neglect to acquaint yourself with the sordid fact until it is thrust upon you by a stern demand for payment. Ah! they know this, those Commissioners! I can hear them chuckling in their den!

I have often wondered what sort of a creature a Commissioner of Inland Revenue can be. Has he heart-strings? Does he ever weep over the zeal of his courteous but inflexible minions, the district surveyors of taxes? I have doubted it since the day when a friend of mine was dogged at a public funeral by a revenue official. He happened to be private secretary to the chief mourner, and it had not occurred to him that his salary—you know the wonderful emoluments of private secretaries—was worth the attention of the Government. How can a modest man be censured if he never dreams that upon his trifling income depend the power and security of Britain? Who is he that he should pay for ironclads? Well, imagine my friend's surprise and pain when, the very day after the funeral, he received an official intimation that he had been assessed for income-tax! "I had a presentiment," he said, "at the grave, for one of the undertaker's men eyed me in a persistent way that signified impending calamity! He was remarkably well disguised, with a red nose, but I believe now that he was a district surveyor of taxes. Yes, he looked at the coffin with an air of grief, and then he looked at me, and his gaze kindled with a great idea. I see it all now. He was saying to himself, 'We have buried one taxpayer, alas! but the day's work is not so bad, for methinks yon private secretary is not yet a pillar of the Exchequer and a prop of the Army and Navy!' O lynx-eyed guile!"

But let us be just. A Commissioner of Inland Revenue must be the slave of duty. Think of him dining in the circle of his intimate acquaintance, noticing signs of increasing prosperity in the table appointments, and knowing that he must remember these things should his host's assessment come before him for supervision! Shall he do that unsuspecting man a wrong by mulcting him in silence, or shall he take him aside and say, "My dear Jones, I have observed the new fish-knives. It has not escaped me that Jeames has another pair of knee-breeches. I have dipped here once a week for three months, and it is forced upon me that your wife has not worn the same dress twice. I cannot remain unconscious of the quality of your cellar. Other people I dine with give me '92 champagne; but here it is always '89. What conclusion do you suppose I must draw from all this? In the memorable words of a great financier, your income, my dear Jones, is evidently growing by leaps and bounds. I don't know the difference between a leap and a bound, but he did, and his authority compels the Inland Revenue to calculate your leaping and bounding separately in your assessment. It is my duty to warn you that your next return must be augmented by at least five hundred a year. I would make it four hundred, but your wife was unwise enough to tell me at dinner that the fish-knives had been specially designed for you at an enormous cost. Bye-bye, my dear fellow! A most enjoyable evening!"

But I have a suggestion to make to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the master of a hundred and sixteen millions sterling. It is that he should send his Commissioners on circuit, let them mingle with all classes, especially the literary class, visit our simple homes, and assure themselves that our fish-knives are of the humblest pattern. They are in danger of treating us as if we were "Consolidated up to the chin," merely because they have read figurative statements about our merits and labours. What poet does not tremble when his work receives half-a-dozen favourable reviews, lest he should be the subject of a colloquy like this at the Board of Inland Revenue—

COMMISSIONER: Now I want to have a serious talk with you about these poets, who are multiplying in such an extraordinary way. I hear you read poetry.

DISTRICT SURVEYOR: Oh, I dip into it as a recreation after office hours. Taxes, you know, don't develop the higher nature; so a little sentiment—

COMMISSIONER: Well, do you raise the assessment of this sentiment?

DISTRICT SURVEYOR: Why? There's no financial basis in poetry—not even an abatement!

COMMISSIONER: Do you mean to tell me that all this fuss in the papers about new volumes of verse does not mean taxable incomes? Pooh, man! Why are they published? I tell you the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants a surplus next year big enough to reduce the duty on imported cigars. Now I smoke cigars, and I don't read poetry. We must get that surplus out of your poets. So find out every bard in your district, and put the screw on him at once. And see here (*pinches D. S.'s arm*): Poetry makes you pappy! Try golf!

A correspondent writes to me: "Have you any idea why Shakspeare avoids all mention of tobacco?" This is a question which might be discussed in the House of Commons in connection with the Budget. I count upon some Irish member to ask whether it is right to tax a necessary of life (miscalled luxury by strangely constituted people) which Shakspeare regarded as too sacred even for poetry. There is, of course, another explanation of his reticence. I say another, because it is the only alternative that occurs to me at the moment, though, when the subject receives due attention, there will be fifty other explanations. Did Shakspeare foresee that tobacco would become the favourite stimulus of the groundlings; and, divided between his dislike of them and his love of a pipe (of course he loved a pipe—what is the "baseless fabric of a vision" but a subtle hint at tobacco-smoke?) did his pen halt between these opposing forces till he dropped poetry and took up the business of a country gentleman? Dr. Brandes seems to think that Shakspeare hated the ill-smelling pittites who filled the air with tobacco fumes at the Globe Theatre. This suggestion may give rise to dangerous heresy. We shall have anti-tobacco agitators declaring that Romeo was really poisoned by nicotine, and that Shakspeare's first editors deliberately altered the line which originally ran, "I do remember a tobaccoist, and hereabouts he dwells," when Romeo was looking for some deadly drug at Mantua.

Has the Mahdi compiled a "Soldier's Pocket-Book," in imitation of Lord Wolseley? Mahmud, the Khalifa's general who was captured by the Sirdar at Atbara, was picked out of a pit, where he was hiding, with a bed over him. At first sight this looked like fear, and fear, as we have reason to know, is not characteristic of the Dervish. Mahmud explained his position with great dignity: "It is needless to expose the person of the general during the firing." Is this one of the maxims born of pious meditation at Omdurman? If so, the Khalifa has left considerable room for difference of interpretation. One of his generals at Atbara hid in a pit, and the other, after watching the battle for awhile afar off, ran away. Both plans of avoiding personal exposure "during the firing" were successful, but neither had the advantage which, after all, is essential to sound generalship, of inspiring the private soldier. Mahmud is perfectly satisfied with his way, and commends Osman Digna to the destroying wrath of his sovereign. Probably the Khalifa will recast this part of his "Pocket-Book" and make it run thus: "The leader of the faithful must, by prayer and fasting, make himself invisible to the infidels, who will then be scattered before the children of Allah." Osman Digna is sure to boast at Omdurman that he actually adopted this expedient, and performed prodigies of valour which were nullified by the skulking of Mahmud under a bed.

This shows that, whatever the course of events, romance is inextinguishable in this world. There are sceptics who treat it as the enemy of intellectual progress, and talk as if it were the rank deception which we have eliminated from real life. The truth is that Mahmud, with his dignity under a bed, is not more confirmed in self-deception than these scoffers at romance. Hear one of them who seeks to be a reformer in play-writing, and tells us that laughter and tears in the theatre are stage conventions which have vanished out of our lives: "We only cry now in the effort to bear happiness, whilst we laugh and exult in destruction, confusion, and ruin." So nobody cries for grief, and if miners are entombed, or a house falls and buries the inmates, the public has fits of laughter! From the same authority I learn that to be a gentleman is to be a dishonest fool, and that it is treason to women to treat them with chivalry. This is like saying that to walk on your feet is conventional and degrading, and that the only rational method of progression is to skip on your head. No doubt a man might say that with serious conviction, just as Mahmud holds that to hide in a pit is the first duty of a general. The only criticism is that generals, as a rule, do not hide in pits, and that nobody will ever skip on his head except a particularly dexterous acrobat, who will be extremely sorry to see us all following his example.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Considering that President McKinley, with all his evident and probably genuine wish for peace, was unable to prevent the outbreak of hostilities, and that the Queen-Regent, with the future of her son at stake, was equally unsuccessful, no sane man could expect either Señor Polo de Bernabe or General Woodford, or both combined, to avert the culmination of the crisis. It is, therefore, in no carping spirit that I venture to contrast the exits of the two diplomatists from the countries to which they were accredited. The least observant cannot have failed to notice that the Spaniard took his leave before he became literally *de trop*, and that the American before he could make his bow was practically told that his room was preferable to his company. This is so absolutely true that at the hour of writing the countrymen of General Woodford are wincing under the smart. The first lesson in the etiquette of the preliminaries of war has been given successfully by the nation to whom ceremonial is as the breath of her nostrils.

The Spaniards have long been past-masters in the art of diplomatic usage. Their Ambassadors, though not always able to cope with the strength opposed, have invariably scored in verbal skirmishing and graceful retreat when the situation became too pressing. "Ventre-Saint-Gris!" yelled Henri IV. one day to the Spanish envoy, "if your King continues to vex me, I'll go and find him in his own capital." "Sire," replied the Ambassador, "you would not be the first French King who went thither." This was a somewhat too pointed allusion to the captivity of Francis I. and the Bearnais got still angrier. But in another moment his sense had the better of him. "Look you here, Señor Ambassador," he retorted, laughing, "You are Spanish and I am a Gascon; if we go on bragging and threatening like this we might go a little bit too far."

That kind of repartee must not be looked for from the freeborn citizens of an enlightened Republic, no matter in which hemisphere the Republic happens to be situated. Even among the French Corps Diplomatique it is gradually dying out. A trace of it still lingers with such men as the Baron de Courcel and perhaps a couple of others who served their apprenticeship under what our American cousins call "effete tyrannies." M. Charles Gavard, who was the French Chargé d'Affaires in London from 1871 to 1877, was clever in that respect. Here is what he writes to his wife on May 25, 1873, the day after Thiers' fall from the Presidency of the Republic: "I arrived at Lord Granville's at eleven o'clock at night, representing the Government of M. Thiers, and I told his Lordship that I had reason to believe that everything was going well for my Government. I stayed as long as possible, in order to get the latest news; and towards 12.30 (midnight) I learnt from Lord Granville's own mouth that I no longer represented the same Government I represented when I entered the portals of the Foreign Office; at any rate, I learnt that M. Thiers had been defeated. Thereupon I replied imperturbably that I had still reason to believe that everything was going well with the Government I was serving. No one is more disposed to seize the comic side of the necessities and commonplaces of an official situation than Lord Granville, and we both burst into laughter which had nothing official about it."

Now let us look at a very eminent countryman of General Woodford under far less trying circumstances. During Napoleon the Third's visit to London in 1855, there was a great reception at Walewski's, at which, of course, Mr. Buchanan, the then American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, was present. The Emperor went up to Mr. Buchanan, expressing the hope that he would see him at the forthcoming Exhibition, and at the same time mentioned his regret that the United States were not to be represented more effectually—from an industrial and manufacturing point of view—at the New Palais de l'Industrie. The fact was, there had already been a great deal of unfavourable comment on this absence of competition on the part of the United States, and it had been construed in France as a political manifestation of a hostile nature to the Emperor himself, if not against the Empire.

Napoleon III., to do him justice, never spoke but in terms of admiration of the United States, and he probably felt sore on the subject, albeit that he did not show his annoyance. Mr. Buchanan, with great tact, replied that he was shortly going back to his country, which would prevent his accepting the Emperor's invitation. "Steam is a wonderful thing for shortening distances," said the Emperor. "True, Sire," replied the Minister, "the distance between Washington and Paris is perhaps less great than that between Paris and Sebastopol, whither your Majesty, I am told, is going." This time the Emperor was visibly annoyed. "This is entirely my own concern," he said; "and no one but myself knows anything about it." And Mr. Buchanan was left staring almost open-mouthed at him. He had made a most unfortunate remark, for everyone in the Corps Diplomatique knew that Napoleon III. only pretended to want to go to Sebastopol in order to get the invitation to Windsor.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

The long-expected has come at last, and war has been declared. On April 20 the United States Government at Washington performed the decisive act of committing itself to active hostilities. About noon that day President McKinley signed the joint resolutions passed by the Senate and the House of Representatives in Congress, and the ultimatum demanding that the Spanish Government should, before noon on Saturday, consent to relinquish its authority in Cuba, and to withdraw its military and naval forces from the island. A copy of this ultimatum was instantly sent to the Spanish Ambassador, Señor Polo de Bernabe, and a telegram of its purport to General Woodford, the American Minister at Madrid, to be communicated immediately to the Government of the Queen-Regent of Spain, which was done in the course of the afternoon. Señor Polo de Bernabe, without directly acknowledging the ultimatum, asked for his passports to quit Washington, and departed in the evening for Canada. General Woodford, at Madrid, early the next day received a note from the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs to the effect that diplomatic intercourse was broken off, whereupon he set forth on his journey into France, escorted at starting by a troop of the Civil Guards.

In the meantime, on the same day, April 20, that the Spanish Government received the momentous communication, but at an earlier hour, the Queen-Regent Christina, in person, with the little boy her son, King Alfonso XIII., by her side, opened the Session of the Cortes or Parliament at Madrid, delivering a very earnest and dignified Speech from the Throne upon this occasion of great trouble and anxiety to the kingdom and to the loyal nation. Her Majesty observed that "a part of the people of the United States, foreseeing that a free manifestation of the wishes of the Cuban people, through the Chambers that were convened, was about to frustrate for ever the schemes against the Spanish sovereignty," which had prompted the aid given to the insurgents in that unhappy island, might induce the American Government to perpetrate an act of aggression which, added to the threats and insults that Spain had already endured, would break off peaceful relations. She expressed gratitude to the Pope, "the Holy Father, who represents humane justice on earth," for his intervention in favour of peace, and to the Great Powers of Europe for their friendly counsels; but if neither the moderation of the conduct of Spain, nor the sanctity of her right, nor the wishes of the Cuban people could restrain the passions and hatred now let loose against her, it was for the Cortes and the Spanish people, with their glorious army and navy, to defend their sovereignty at whatever cost.

The Royal Speech was received with enthusiasm by all parties, and the Prime Minister, Señor Sagasta, addressing his Parliamentary supporters, obtained strong assurances of political support. In Cuba the civil and military Governor, Marshal Blanco, on Thursday, April 21, issued a proclamation, and made a speech from the palace windows at Havana, calling on the inhabitants to resist foreign invasion.

Actual warlike operations by the American squadron at Key West, the maritime station at the extreme south point of Florida, nearly opposite to Havana and Matanzas, began on Friday, without any formal declaration of war, the President on that day merely proclaiming a blockade of the western coasts of Cuba. Under command of Rear-Admiral Sampson, the squadron in a few hours captured without fighting more than one trading-vessel from Spanish ports. The first was the *Buena Ventura*, of Bilbao, bound from Honduras to Rotterdam, which was towed into Key West as a prize the same afternoon. In the evening the United States squadron came near Havana, anchoring five miles from the fort, Morro Castle, so that the batteries, which towards midnight opened fire, could not touch the ships. On Saturday merchant-vessels could still leave the harbour; but the attacking squadron,

moving in two separate detachments, west and east, captured at sea four or five more—the *Pedro*, carrying iron to Liverpool; the *Miguel Jover*, with cotton and staves from New Orleans to Barcelona, and others. The legality of these captures is questionable, and it is said at Washington that the United States Government will give them up, but this point remains to be decided by the Prize Courts.

It was not till Monday that the formal declaration of war, passed in a few minutes by Congress, in both Houses, upon a Message from the President, and then signed by Mr. McKinley, put the condition of international hostilities on a regular conventional footing. The President has called out 112,000 military volunteers. The ports of Havana, Matanzas, Mariel, and Cardenas, on the north coast of Cuba, and Cienfuegos, on the south coast, are declared in blockade, and the submarine telegraph cable has been cut. There is a Spanish naval squadron at the Philippines, and a torpedo-boat and gun-boat flotilla at the Cape de Verde Islands. Fighting in one or other quarter is imminent as we go to press. The American Government has announced its intention to observe all the four international rules of the Declaration of Paris in 1856 concerning neutral ships and cargoes, validity of blockade, and prohibition of privateering. Spain has likewise promised to adhere to those rules, with the exception of the last-mentioned, reserving her freedom of action, if she finds it needful, to employ privateers.

The Spanish Government has addressed to the Powers a Note supplementing its former communication declaring annexation to be the real object of American interference. A royal proclamation of the strict neutrality to be observed

and Copenhagen will subsequently welcome its popular Prince and his bride. The wedding presents included a beautiful tortoiseshell fan, set with diamonds, from the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a diamond and sapphire necklace from the Czar and Czarina. Russia's interest in the wedding is, of course, twofold, for the bride's mother is the daughter of the Grand Duke Michael Nikolaievitch, and consequently first cousin to the late Emperor Alexander III. and second cousin to the present Czar, to whom the bridegroom is himself first cousin. As the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Christian is heir-presumptive to the crown of Denmark; and Princess Alexandrine, whose education has been lovingly supervised by her accomplished mother, is considered in all respects well qualified to be the consort of a future King.

## THE CITY AND SUBURBAN MEETING.

It would be idle to pretend that many glories attach to the Epsom race-meetings. There is too much crowding for the races decided on the famous Downs to be witnessed with comfort, and it invariably happens that the proceedings finish an hour after the advertised time. It was so at the Spring Meeting. The Great Metropolitan attracted a large attendance, but not one that would compare with the crowd that went to see the City and Suburban. Major Edwardes's Bird on the Wing, despite detrimental rumours, was a very hot favourite for the Great Metropolitan, but there was good money for Lysander and History. To the last-named went the race, M. Cannon being the fortunate jockey, while the favourite finished

absolutely last. A more open City and Suburban Handicap had not for years been decided. So difficult was it to deal with that eight to one was offered on the field, the favourites at the close being Kilcock and Knight of the Thistle, with Sandia, Bay Ronald, Nunsuch, Eager, and Chelandy all well backed. Bay Ronald won easily enough in the hands of Bradford, but had the race been a trifle farther the Australian horse Newhaven II. would have won, for he was going faster than anything else at the finish.

## PARLIAMENT.

The chief points of the Budget were the unprecedented revenue of 116 millions, the equally unprecedented ex-

penditure, principally upon armaments, a surplus of a million and three-quarters, which is devoted to the partial relief of some income-tax payers by the extension of abatement up to £700 a year, and the reduction of the tobacco duty, except upon imported cigars. The Home Secretary introduced a Bill to deal with the question of habitual inebriates. It is at last to be enacted that confirmed drunkards shall be treated for disease and not for crime. They are divided into two classes: first, those who are guilty of serious crimes due to chronic drunkenness; secondly, the heroes and heroines of innumerable convictions before the magistrates—the Jane Cakebreads who do no wrong except to themselves. Members of the first class are to be kept in State reformatories, and the others in private institutions of the same nature under public supervision. There is not likely to be much difference of opinion about these reforms, but a severe contest is raging over the Attorney-General's Bill to enable prisoners in criminal cases to give evidence in their own behalf. The second reading was carried by a large majority, but the opposition of many eminent lawyers is likely to be most tenacious. The main argument against the Bill is that it will prejudice innocent but nervous prisoners who cannot stand the ordeal of the witness-box. The chief argument in its favour is that the law already permits the evidence of prisoners in certain kinds of criminal prosecutions, and that there is no reason why this provision should not be extended to all cases. A father who is charged with gross neglect of his child may give evidence, but if he is charged with assaulting the child his mouth is shut. The distinction seems unintelligible. One of the peculiarities of the Government measure is that it is not to apply to Ireland. The same limitation is applied to the Habitual Inebriates Bill.



Photo Carl Eonae, Copenhagen.

Photo F.itz Lenschke, Schwerin.

## ROYAL WEDDING AT CANNES.

by Great Britain in all matters concerned with the war was issued in the form of a *London Gazette* Extraordinary on Tuesday night.

## ROYAL WEDDING AT CANNES.

Without any exceptional pomp, but amid the congratulations of many royal personages and the simultaneous rejoicings of the loyal subjects of their dynasties in Denmark and Schwerin respectively, Prince Christian of Denmark and Princess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg-Schwerin were married at Cannes on Tuesday. The betrothal of the royal couple was announced just a year ago, when it shared the interest attaching to a royal engagement with the almost simultaneous betrothal of Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg to Princess Anna of Montenegro. Then, for a time, the happiness of the young couple was overclouded by the tragic death of Princess Alexandrine's father, the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; but it has been for some time past understood that the marriage would take place when the year of mourning should have elapsed. The civil wedding was held at the Villa Wenden, Cannes, long the winter residence of the royal bride's parents. The appointed declaration was read by the Mayor of Cannes, the bridegroom's signature being witnessed by the Duke of Cumberland and Baron Blixen Pineske, and that of the bride by the Grand Duke Michael Nikolaievitch of Russia, and Duke John Albert, Prince Regent of Mecklenburg-Schwerin during the minority of Princess Alexandrine's brother. Later in the day the religious service was held in the German Church, and the royal couple subsequently left Cannes for Beaulieu, en route for an extended tour in Italy. They are to reach Schwerin towards the end of May, when an elaborate series of rejoicings will celebrate their arrival,



## THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Royal Photographic Society's International Exhibition was on Monday opened by the Prince of Wales at the Crystal Palace. The society was founded in 1853; and its object, "the advancement of photography," has surely been fully attained. No further proof of that statement is required than a glance round the exhibition which the Prince opened, and which comprises some six thousand picked specimens of the photographer's skill in what we need no longer hesitate to call his art. The collection is one which illustrates that progress, for it includes the first photograph ever taken—that by Niepce in 1826—as well as specimens of the skill of Daguerre, Talbot, Bayard, Poitevin, Pouncey, and D. O. Hill. The original negatives of Dr. Maddox's gelatine-bromide process, which gave a new turn to photography, are on view; and the carbon process has a full representation. Cameras, of all patterns and patents, may be compared; and the most modern devices in colour-printing are made apparent. The relations of photography to science are fully set forth.

The Prince, who is probably familiar with the first photograph taken of Queen Victoria as a great event, and

Lord Algy's wife, whose main differences with him are concerned with brands of cigarettes; his ducal father, who wants to write a letter at his place; and naughty Lady Teazle's husband, Brabazon Tudway, who happens to be an old friend of Algy's, are all witnesses of the innocent rake's guilt. But the best features, notwithstanding, of the new comedy, are not Sheridan's but Mr. Carton's own. The scene at Mrs. Tudway's fancy-dress ball, wherein all the characters of the play assume magnificent costumes, and Lord Algy, ridiculously disguised as the Duke of Marlborough, and sadly the worse for drink, molests each guest with an inquiry for his unknown hostess, and the perfectly gratuitous information that as soon as he has made her acquaintance he shall go to bed, is one of the most gorgeous and the most droll our modern stage has ever presented. And here Mr. Carton secures quite a triumph of legitimate sentiment. Lady Algy, having learnt the true facts of the intrigue, and seeing her gentle but intoxicated husband bewildered and in danger of violent treatment, saves him from disgrace with the quiet remark, "It's all right, old chap; let's go off home!" That one moment took the house by storm, and only less charming was the unemotional reconciliation of the pair over a cigarette. Here, at least, was piquant fantasy, if not actual life, and if the plot was thin the acting was superb. Mr. Hawtreys certainly

claims to be neither a ship's captain nor a railway official, but a planter of New York who has estates in Cuba. Of course, the perennially inquisitive mother-in-law desires to visit the plantation, and Mr. Billings writes to a planter-friend, asking to take over his estate for a while. Unfortunately, the friend has sold out to a very violent savage, whose name—Johnson—is that of a mythical personage on whose shoulders Billings has thrown his own indiscretions. The main fun of the piece depends on the contrast between the cool and imperturbable hero and the ferocious and drunken planter, a contrast which is set into high relief by the skill of Mr. Gillette and Mr. Brennan.

### "THE MASTER," AT THE GLOBE.

We are very much afraid that all the pains Mr. Hare has taken to win success for his new season at the Globe will prove, after all, but "much ado about nothing." With praiseworthy intentions he has dragged from retirement a distinguished actress of a generation ago. With admirable audacity he has ventured on what is for him quite a novel rôle. But all this enterprise is wasted on such poor stuff as Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's sentimental comedy, "The Master." Neither Miss Kate Terry, had she been less free from nervousness and in less delicate health, nor her manager, had he possessed, as he does not, real emotional force,



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

whose father was one of the first patrons of the art, was received by the president of the photographers, the Earl of Crawford, and his chief colleagues, as well as by the Crystal Palace directors, and his eye was very soon caught by photographs of his own grandchildren. After luncheon at the Palace, the Prince in a few words formally declared the Exhibition open.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "LORD AND LADY ALGY," AT THE COMEDY.

"Lord and Lady Algy," Mr. Carton's new play, produced with every sign of success at the Comedy, is a witty and highly diverting picture of manners; and the happy result of his treatment of Society's smartest set and of his insistence upon their genuine good-nature are all the more welcome as the playwright has failed lamentably hitherto to furnish us with a plausible presentment of this particular class of the community. It is quite possible that Lord and Lady Algy and their comrades are figments of the dramatist's brain; but at least they are consistent in their conduct and interesting in their character. The play admittedly recalls the main idea of "The School for Scandal." Once again we have a Joseph Surface, who makes overtures to a more or less unsophisticated Lady Teazle, though this time the latter is married to a manufacturer and not to a country squire. Once again impecunious Charles is made his brother's scapegoat, though this time Charles is a married man separated from his wife, and allows his brother to hold an assignation in his rooms. It is the luncheon hour, and

surpassed himself in the drunken episode. Always refined and never offensive, his was the perfection of high comedy. And Miss Compton's Lady Algy—drawing, deliberate, slangy, kind-hearted—was worthy of association with her manager's masterly impersonation. Of the other members of the company, Mr. Kemble as the pompous Duke, Mr. Eric Lewis as the hypocritical Joseph, Mr. Kelly as a brainless dude, and Mr. Arthur Williams as the suspicious and vulgar husband, repeated familiar successes, while the pretty faces of Miss Fannie Ward and Miss Mabel Hackney, and the quaint make-up of Mrs. Charles Calvert as an elderly and stout Bo-Peep, had their value in the ensemble. In fine, both the author and the interpreters of "Lord and Lady Algy" deserve every felicitation.

### "TOO MUCH JOHNSON," AT THE GARRICK.

If there is a vast deal of rollicking fun in the Americanised French farce with which the Frohman combination makes a further attempt to conquer the London stage, there is certainly little originality. "Too Much Johnson" is allowed by its author, Mr. William Gillette, to owe some of its inspiration to M. Ordonneau's "La Plantation Thomassin," but, really, its leading idea of a flighty husband who makes false excuses for his absence from home, and is obliged suddenly to assume in dead earnest the character to which he has pretended, is quite fifty years old in Gallic farce, and has had such recent incarnations as M. Hennequin's "La Flamboyante" (known at the Comedy as "The Saucy Sally") and M. Bisson's "Controleur des Wagons-Lits." Mr. Gillette's naughty hero, however,

could inspire with vitality such backboneless characters as their author has assigned to their delicate art. The "Master" himself, evidently intended to resemble the hero of Mr. Jones's "Wealth" or to represent a modern Dombey, is a totally inconsistent and preposterous conception. A stern Roman father who turns wife, son, and daughter out of doors because they cross his will after twenty-seven years of married life, and yet is every moment on the verge of surrendering to feelings of tenderness; a smart business man who loses a fortune of two millions and trusts a rascally and thieving nephew who would not impose on a child—this creature has no possible relations with actuality. He is holding out only to make a play, and when, after two acts of mawkish sentimentality and feeble sensationalism, the wife returns to place her fortune in her husband's hands, the daughter brings to him her little baby for a blessing, and the son is declared to be marching outside with his regiment, one mutters "Robertson," and asks why all this could not have been anticipated two hours before. Mr. Hare, of course, who is a delightful comedian but scarcely an emotional actor, can make little of this material; and Miss Kate Terry's great reputation should not have been associated with such childish work. Certain histrionic opportunities fell to Mr. Fred Kerr, who played a sponging scoundrel with charming aplomb; and to Mr. Herbert Ross, a plausible representative of a highly coloured villain; while Miss Mabel Lewis and Mr. Gillmore did their best with rather thankless parts. But if Mr. Ogilvie expects to be taken seriously he must improve on "The Master."



# THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR.



THE BRITISH EXPEDITION AGAINST HAVANA IN 1762: THE FLEET, UNDER SIR GEORGE POCOCK, ENTERING THE HARBOUR TO TAKE POSSESSION.

*In the war between England and Spain, declared at the beginning of 1762, the British Fleet, under Sir George Pocock, arrived off Havana on June 5, the land attack being commanded by George Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle. The landing was effected on June 7, and after a two months' siege by sea and land Havana surrendered on August 14. The prize money was estimated at upwards of three millions sterling. Our illustration, from an old print, gives a good view of the important stronghold of Morro Castle, to the east of the town.*



Cazador. Captain Major. Commandant of Artillery. Staff-Trumpeter of Artillery. Officer of Cavalry. General. Commandant Priest. of Infantry. Infantry.

TYPES OF SPANISH TROOPS IN FIELD UNIFORM.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has come home from the Riviera to England. Leaving Nice this week on Thursday morning, she would arrive at Windsor on Saturday evening.

On Monday her Majesty and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to Cannes, to visit the young Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands and her mother, the Queen-Regent Emma, whose sister, the Duchess of Albany, has now left Cannes on her return home. Princess Henry of Battenberg, on behalf of our Queen, had visited their Majesties on Friday, April 22, on their arrival from Paris. Princess Christian returned to England last week.

On Thursday, April 21, the Queen visited the Empress Eugénie at the Villa Cynos, Cap Martin, near Mentone.

The Queen was entertained on Friday evening, in the garden of the Hôtel Regina at Cimiez, with a grand military musical torchlight procession, or "Revue aux Flambeaux," performed by the French troops of the Nice garrison. The Governor of Nice, General Gebhart, and Madame Gebhart joined the royal circle after dinner, and next day came to dine with the Queen. There was a review of the troops on the Promenade des Anglais on Monday.

Among her Majesty's visitors, last week and since, besides the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lord Rowton, were Prince Louis of Bourbon, with his son and daughter, Prince Christian of Denmark, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and some of her family, the Duc and Duchesse de Rivoli, Sir Edward and Lady Ermytrude Mulet. The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark were at Cannes for the marriage of their son, Prince Christian, to Princess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday went to join the Princess of Wales at Sandringham; her Royal Highness, with Princess Victoria of Wales and Princess Charles of Denmark, has been several days at Cromer. On Monday the Prince opened the Photographic Society's Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, as described in another column.

The Duke and Duchess of York on April 20 went to Portsmouth on a visit to the Admiral-Superintendent, Sir Michael Culme-Seymour. His Royal Highness next day inspected H.M.S. *Crescent*, which he is to command for the Naval Manœuvres in August; also *Diadem* and the *Hannibal*; they made a tour of the Dockyard, and visited the Royal Orphans' Home for Children of Seamen and Marines; on Friday they went to see the gunnery establishment and batteries on Whale Island, where his Royal Highness joined in a match at golf, and in the afternoon they visited the Sailors' Home; on Saturday they visited Haslar Hospital. They also went on board the new cruiser *Terrible*, and attended service at the Portsmouth Dockyard Church on Sunday.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held at the Foreign Office on Friday, April 22; and on Saturday the Prince of Wales, at Marlborough House, held a Council on behalf of the Queen, attended by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Cross, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, to approve the draft of a proclamation of neutrality in the war between the United States and Spain.

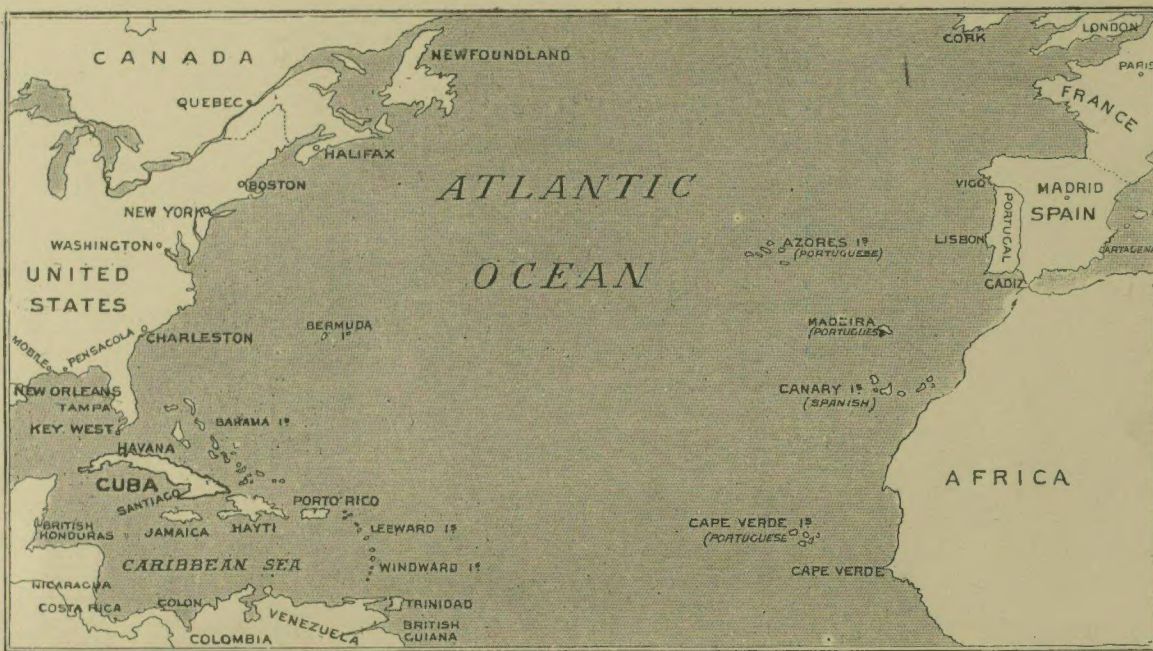
The Lord Mayor of London gave his Easter dinner at the Mansion House on Wednesday, April 20; the Duke of Cambridge and the United States Ambassador, Colonel Hay, were the principal guests; and the latter made a speech cordially declaring that he felt his own country most closely bound to Great Britain, with many natural ties of origin, kindred, and language, kindred pursuits, similar duties in the mission of liberty and progress, a sort of partnership in the beneficent work of the world.

The Unionist party in the West Staffordshire Division, at a meeting last week, presided over by the Earl of Harrowby, accepted Mr. Alexander Henderson as candidate for the seat left vacant by the death of Mr. Hamar Bass. The Liberal candidate is Mr. William Adams, of Birmingham. There is a vacancy also for South Norfolk, Mr. Francis Taylor resigning his seat.

The disaster of the fire in the pit of the Whitwick Colliery, in Leicestershire, mentioned last week, proved

fatal to the lives of thirty-six men, only five having been got out alive. Some of the dead bodies were found lying together, with arms round each other's necks, as if, when overcome by the suffocating vapour and sinking, but not yet unconscious, they sought a brotherly embrace; some were buried under the falling roof of the coal-workings; but not many were burnt. Only nine bodies have been recovered, as the pit is still on fire and its mouth has been stopped up to exclude the air. A relief subscription for the widows and orphans has been commenced.

The South Wales collieries' strike, which already causes



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: MAP ILLUSTRATING THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE TWO COUNTRIES.

much distress in the Merthyr and Dowlais districts, may possibly be shortened by the rise of prices, from the war between Spain and America, hastening the negotiations of coal-owners for a settlement of the dispute. The Mayor of Cardiff, with the Mayors of Swansea and Newport, having asked the Board of Trade to use its influence, Sir Courtenay Boyle replies that the Board is willing to take any steps likely to promote that result.

An address on "Criticism" was delivered by Mr. Asquith, M.P., to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, at their annual meeting on Saturday, held at the Mansion House.

At the meeting of the British South Africa Company on April 21, at which the Duke of Abercorn presided, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who was present, was re-elected a director of the company; but his former colleague, Mr. Alfred Beit, had declined re-election. Mr. Rhodes made a speech on the situation and prospects of the Matabili

French, Russian, and Italian squadrons on the coast of Crete have recommended to their Governments the reduction or removal of the Turkish troops in that island, especially the withdrawal of the Turkish garrison at the fort of Kissamo, and have asked for the reinforcement of the European troops by the immediate addition of twelve hundred men. The Greek Government is preparing for the reoccupation of Thessaly, and the return of its fugitives to their homes, upon its evacuation by the Turkish army, consequent on the issue of the war indemnity Greek loan. The new British Governor or High Commissioner of Cyprus, Sir W. Haynes-Smith, arrived at Larnaca on Saturday, and was loyally welcomed.

A German and Belgian company has been formed to undertake the construction of a railway from the Persian Gulf to Teheran, with a view to its continuation over Russian territory in Turkestan to the Caspian Sea.

The Pope on Saturday received fifteen hundred Catholic pilgrims from Belgium, who expressed great devotion to the Holy See.

The festivities at Florence and Leghorn to commemorate the fourth centenary of the expeditions of the Italian navigators, Amerigo Vespucci and Toscanelli, to explore the coasts of North America, were joined in by Admiral Noel and some other officers and seamen of H.M.S. *Revenge* and the British Mediterranean squadron.

A new armed cruiser of the British Navy, the *Ariadne*, was launched on the Clyde on Friday at the Engineering and Shipbuilding Company's works. Lady Balfour of Burleigh christened the ship.

The outbreak of war between Spain and the United States has created an urgent demand for vessels of all sorts on the part of the two hostile Governments, and a number of liners have been acquired by them from private owners for active service. An illustration of the steam-ship *New York*, taken over by the American authorities, is here given.

In West Africa Colonel Ingard has a considerable military force assembled at Lokoja, on the Niger, whence he recently sent a detachment of West Indian regiments up to Saki; but it proved not to be the case that the French had intruded on the dominions of the Sultan of Sokoto, east of the Niger. The rebellion of the Timini native tribes, under the leadership of Bai Bureh, in the Hinterland of Sierra Leone, intercepting communications between Port Lokko and Karene, has not yet been put down. An artillery detachment has gone up the river by the *Countess of Derby* steamboat, under command of Colonel Marshall, to attack the enemy's fortified stockade.

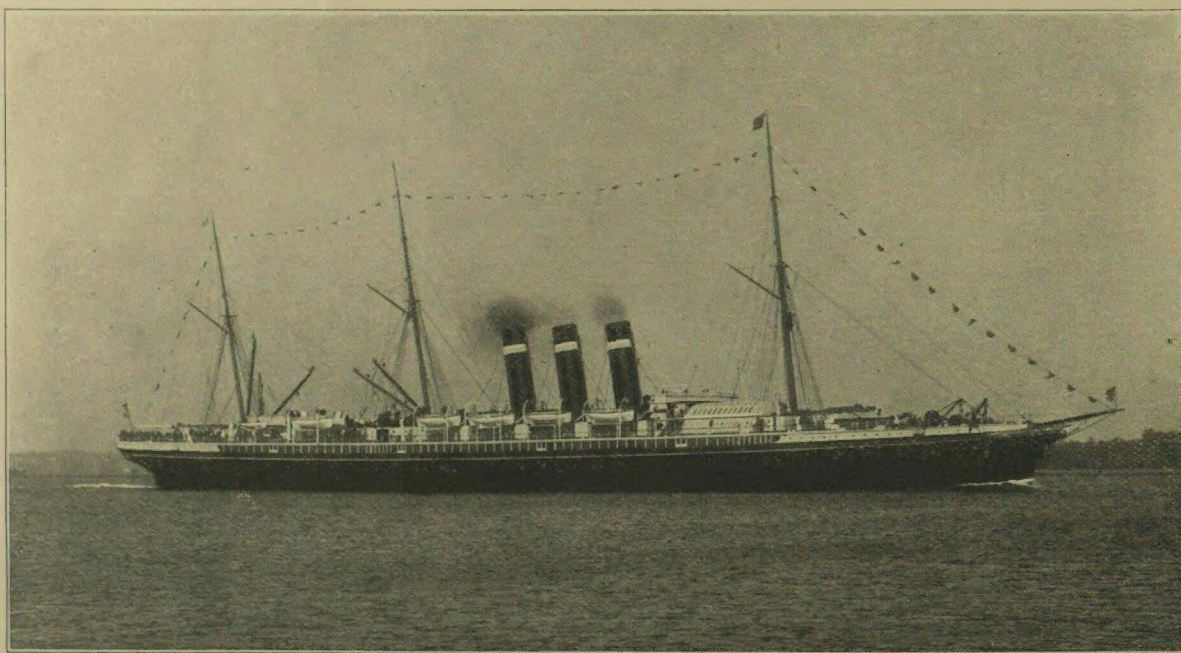
The Great Northern Railway Company announce that commencing on May 1 next they will bring into operation a reduced scale of charges for the conveyance of parcels by passenger train. A copy of the new scale and full particulars may be obtained on application at any Great Northern station or town office, or from the Superintendent of the line, King's Cross Station. On the same date the Midland Railway will also introduce a revised scale of charges in the same branch of parcels traffic, over its own line and the lines in connection, with the exception of the Caledonian, the Glasgow and South-Western, the Great North of Scotland, the Highland, and the North British lines.

Parcels weighing 24 lb. may thenceforth travel thirty miles for sixpence, and one hundred miles for two shillings. Collection and delivery will be included within the usual limits at stations where these services are provided for. Particulars may be obtained at the company's parcels offices.

In response to numerous applications, the publishers have much pleasure in announcing that the following beautiful pictures by Archibald Thorburn have now been reprinted on plate paper, and can be obtained, price sixpence each; by post, eightpence—

Spent.	Successful Foray.
The Haunt of the Bittern.	Hungry Raven.
Falcon on the Watch.	Terns: a Sheltered Corner.
First Drive of the Season.	Home of the Ptarmigan.
Grouse Gliding Up to the Guns.	Bustards at Sunrise.
Merlin Seizing Her Prey.	Condemned to Death.
Through the Deep Drift.	On the Outlying Beat.
Wildfowl on the Mud Flats.	Daybreak on the Twelfth.
Snipe Boring.	Woodcock Dropping into Cover.
Highland Poachers.	A Drive.

INGRAM BROTHERS, 198, Strand.



THE STEAM-SHIP "NEW YORK," ACQUIRED BY THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

Photo Gregory.

and Mashona countries, proposing the construction of a railway from Bulawayo to Lake Tanganyika.

A boat full of men and boys on the Thames near Hungerford Bridge was run down by a steam-boat on Sunday afternoon, and two men were drowned.

The German Emperor William and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, with an assemblage of German Grand Dukes, Dukes, and Princes, and with representatives of all the Courts of Europe, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein attending for Queen Victoria, were at Dresden on Saturday to congratulate King Albert of Saxony on his seventieth birthday. The Emperor William afterwards went to visit the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse.

The Sultan of Turkey has sent Djavad Bey as a special Envoy to St. Petersburg, trying once more to persuade the Emperor of Russia to withdraw his nomination of Prince George of Greece for the government of Crete, and perhaps also to discover the intentions of Russia concerning the eastern Armenian provinces. The Admirals of the British,



## PERSONAL.

Lieutenant Ramon de Corranza is a paladin who has strayed out of his proper century. He was lately Naval Attaché to the Spanish Embassy at Washington, and he has taken the war so much to heart that he proposes to make it a series of single combats. He has begun by challenging General Fitzhugh Lee and Captain Sigsbee, who, he says, insulted Spanish honour by their evidence in regard to the destruction of the *Maine*. This proceeding is worthy of the best traditions of Castile, but it is incompatible with modern prejudice. General Lee is needed for the service of his country, and therefore cannot go out with the paladin. Lieutenant de Corranza ought to betake himself to Havana, and do his shooting there.

Colonel Sir Vivian Dering Majendie, who died suddenly while on a visit to Oxford on Sunday last, was an Indian



Photo Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE COLONEL SIR VIVIAN MAJENDIE.

veteran of distinction, but has for many years been known to the public mainly as Chief Inspector of Explosives to the Home Office, a post which called him into particular prominence at the time of the series of attempts to blow up various public buildings in the Metropolis in the early 'eighties. The examination of the contrivances intended to accomplish several of those happily prevented outrages fell to his lot, and in the case of not yet exploded machines proved him to be a man of strong nerve and considerable coolness in imminent danger. Gunpowder manufacture throughout the country also came under his inspection. Born the year before the Queen's accession, of military family, Sir Vivian Majendie entered the Royal Artillery in 1854, and saw his first active service in the Crimean War, in which he won the medal, with clasps, and the Turkish medal. He won further distinction in the Indian Mutiny, and after holding important posts at Woolwich, received his appointment to the Home Office twenty-seven years ago. He was made a K.C.B. in 1895.

Mr. Frederic Harrison discloses the interesting fact that the Queen-Regent of Spain is descended from William the Silent and Charlotte de Bourbon. This is not the sort of historical reminiscence that can be popular in Madrid just now. William of Orange is scarcely the ancestor for the guardian of the dignity and the possessions of Spain to appeal to in the hour of battle. But some excellent qualities may come down from William to his descendants. The most notable of them are courage and tenacity, and it is quite clear that the Queen-Regent possesses both.

Public form has been vindicated by the appointment of

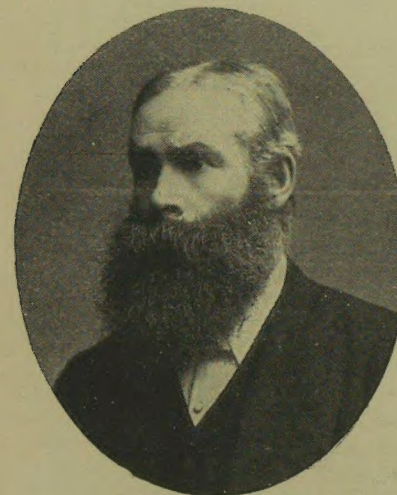


Photo Russell and Sons.  
PREBENDARY C. H. TURNER.

Prebendary C. H. Turner to the vacant Suffragan Bishopric for the Diocese of London. The news of this appointment has been looked for with confidence for some weeks past, the two names submitted to the Queen having leaked out at once. Prebendary Turner has long been familiar with the diocese. A scholar of Trinity, Cambridge, he graduated tenth Wrangler in 1864, and was ordained in 1868. His connection with London began in 1873, when he became Residentiary Chaplain to Bishop Jackson. He was beneficed in the diocese from 1873 to 1897. In the latter year he resigned the Rectory of St. George's-in-the-East for purely domestic and personal reasons. He remained, however, resident in Finsbury Square, and, as Prebendary of St. Paul's, was officially associated with the diocese. He is familiar with all its organisations, and knows what a Suffragan Bishop ought to be and do. Moreover, he is believed to be well off—a consideration when the comparative smallness of Suffragans' stipends is remembered.

The Private View at the New Gallery on Saturday afternoon did not attract many diplomatists from the embassies, or many soldiers from the clubs. The war news was too exciting to allow the tapes to be deserted in favour of the canvas. The imperturbable Chinaman, however, was there, looking as guileless as any Russian could desire; one English Field-Marshal had had the courage to make a sortie to Regent Street from Pall Mall for a swift review of the pictures. Members of the Academy were represented by Mr. Brett and by Mr. Arthur Hacker; also by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, just back from a bicycle tour in France. Sir Squire Bancroft was able to give better reports of the health of Lady Bancroft; and Mr. Leonard Courtney, whose eye-troubles have not diminished his ardour as a private-viewer, made a vigilant tour of inspection under the guidance of his wife.

Viscount Oxenbridge has died at the British Embassy in Paris, where his brother, Sir Edmund Monson, is her

Majesty's Ambassador. William John Monson, the first Viscount Oxenbridge, was also the seventh Baron Monson, and eleventh Baronet. Born in 1827, he entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1853, and sat for Reigate till 1862, when he succeeded to the family peerage. After holding office as Treasurer of the Queen's Household and as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Mr. Gladstone selected him as Master of the Horse in 1892. He was one of the Liberal Whips in the House of Lords, and a Deputy Speaker. He married a daughter of the third Lord Hawarden and widow of the second Earl of Yarborough, but leaves no children. The Viscounty, therefore, becomes extinct; while the Monson Baroncy devolves on the late peer's brother, the Hon. Debonnaire John Monson, who has served as Serjeant-at-Arms to the Queen, and as Equerry to the Duke of Coburg.



THE LATE VISCOUNT OXENBRIDGE.  
From the Portrait painted by Mr. Frederick Smallfield.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has gone back to Madrid in expectation of a busy time, for the British Ambassador has been entrusted with the interests of the American Embassy in the capital of Spain. Sir Henry, unluckily, has not gone back to his dual responsibility in the best of health and spirits. He has had a long illness and much worry, and he looked very fragile when his friends said good-bye to him in Victoria Station on Monday evening.

The native Press of India has lost its leader by the death of Mr. Maneckji Barjorji, the editor and proprietor

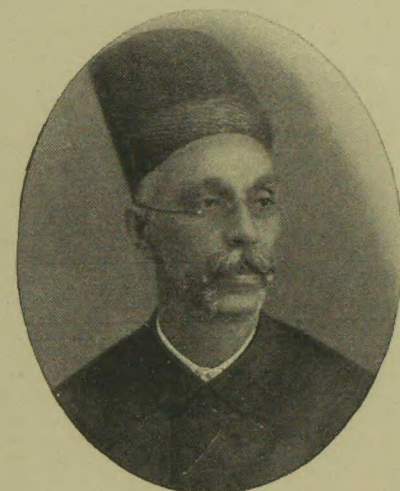


Photo Gomes, Bombay.  
THE LATE MR. MANECKJI BARJORJI,  
Indian Journalist.

of the *Bombay Samachar*, the oldest journal in India, being now in its seventy-sixth year. Mr. Maneckji was born in 1841, and was thus fifty-seven when he died, on March 29 in Bombay, of heart disease. He edited his paper for thirty-five years, during which he laboured incessantly and successfully to make it the leading native journal in all respects. The Bombay Government has several times eulogised the manner in which the late editor conducted his paper, and set a good example to the entire Press. The Anglo-Indian and native press has noticed his death with deep regret, and done justice to his great abilities. He was also a novelist and poet.

Let no man ever say again that the American millionaire is idle and irresponsible. Mr. John Jacob Astor has set an example to his wealthy countrymen. He has not only placed his yacht at the disposal of the American Government for the purposes of the war, but he has even volunteered to serve wherever the Government may wish to send him. Why not form a company of millionaires for campaigning in Cuba? That would be even more to the point in the way of discipline than the career of Mr. Kipling's plutocratic hero in "Captains Courageous."

The cold winds of this year's Easter holidays have been responsible for more than one death, and among their

victims must be reckoned Mr. Alfred Cock, the well-known Q.C., who has died of pneumonia, contracted during the vacation at Shrewsbury. Mr. Cock was a Shrewsbury man by birth, and it was on a visit to his brother, Mr. James Cock, in his native town, that his active life came to an end, at the early age of forty-nine. Mr. Cock was called to the Bar in 1871, and "took silk" fifteen years later. He is survived by four children. Mrs. Cock was a daughter of Mr. R. Liebrich.

If anybody is pining for the study of subtle distinctions, let him take up contraband of war as illustrated by the British proclamation of neutrality. He will find that,

although it is not lawful to fit out vessels of war for either of the belligerents, it is lawful to provide them with victuals and coal in British ports, on condition that the said provision is to enable them to sail home or to their "nearest destination." As the "nearest destination" may be a point on the enemy's coast where the belligerent may act with vigour owing to the stores he has taken in the British port, the commercial side of neutrality according to the law of nations is not without irony. As for contraband of war, coal, for instance, is contraband if obviously intended for the use of war-ships, but not contraband if meant only for industrial use. How anybody on the high seas is to make the distinction the lawyers do not say.

News has been received by cable of the death of

Captain Ellis, of the British South Africa Police, who died on April 13, in the hospital at Buluwayo, of fever contracted at Fort Manzinyama. Captain Ellis was buried the following day with full military honours. Captain Ellis was formerly in the Bechuanaland Border Police, and with other officers joined the Chartered Company's Police before the Jameson Raid. He was left in command of the Pitsani Camp, near Mafeking, and after the raid, was ordered home as one of the witnesses for the Treasury. Captain Ellis had been in South Africa for more than twenty years, and had seen a considerable amount of active service. He was married only last August when home on sick leave, and his wife was to have joined him next month. Captain Ellis was a cousin and schoolfellow of Colonel A. Ellis, who, after greatly distinguishing himself on the West Coast of Africa, died, also of fever, in 1894, before receiving the intended honour of K.C.B., in recognition of his services.



Photo London Stereoscopic Co.  
THE LATE CAPTAIN ELLIS.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes has been much in evidence in Piccadilly and other main thoroughfares during the last week or two; but he has attended only a very small proportion of the social functions to which he was invited, and at some of which he was confidently expected. Private-viewers have awaited him in vain; and even an "At Home" given by Cardinal Vaughan was stirred by a vain anticipation of his presence. The great dinner-party given in his honour by Mr. and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts on Monday night was all the more important an event; and it was certainly a brilliant and piquant inauguration of the long-delayed gaieties of the coming season.

One melancholy outcome of the hut-tax rising in Sierra Leone is to be recorded in the death of a young missionary, the Rev. W. J. Humphrey, already held in high esteem by those acquainted with the value of his energetic work in Sierra Leone within the past seven years. There seems to be no longer any hope that Mr. Humphrey escaped with his life in the fray with the rebels at Makombe last month. He was at the time embarked upon a missionary journey into the interior, and when his little band of followers was fired upon by the rebels and turned back in panic, Mr. Humphrey went stoutly on alone to see his converts, and, as he hoped, add to their number in the interior. Like Mr. Pilkington, who lost his life in the recent revolt of Major Macdonald's Uganda troops, Mr. Humphrey was a Cambridge man who had devoted his energies to the work of the Church Missionary Society. He was ordained in 1890, and went straight out to West Africa, where he was subsequently appointed Principal of the Society's Students' College at Fourah Bay.

A very pretty ceremony was the joint wedding of

Mr. Arthur Trehern Norton, C.B., to Miss Lucy Maude Crosse, and of Captain Owen C. Argles (Indian Staff Corps) to Miss Alice May Crosse, which took place at All Souls', Langham Place, last week. The service was fully choral, and the ceremony was performed by the Ven. Walter John Lawrance, Archdeacon of St. Albans, assisted by the Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory, Bart. The brides, who were given away by their father, Mr. E. Meredith Crosse, D.L., of Newhouse Park, St. Albans, were attended by ten bridesmaids. There was a large gathering of relatives and friends at the ceremony, and a company of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, of which corps Mr. Norton was lately Commandant, lined the church. Upwards of three hundred guests were afterwards received by Mrs. Meredith Crosse at the Langham Hotel, where, during the afternoon, a selection of music was given by the Blue Hungarian Band.

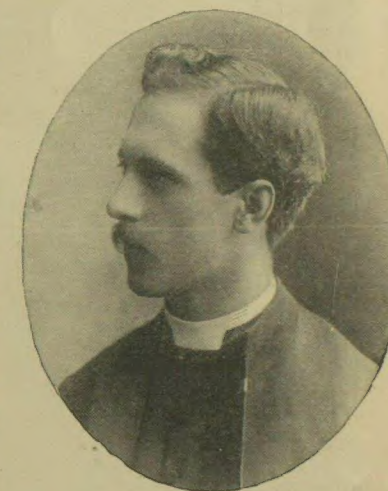


Photo Glanville, Tunbridge Wells.  
THE LATE REV. W. J. HUMPHREY.

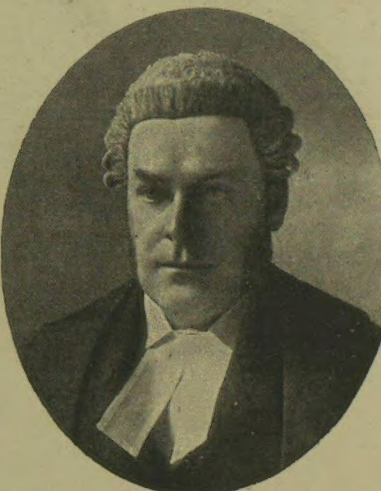


Photo Russell.  
THE LATE MR. ALFRED COCK, Q.C.





CHRISTINA, QUEEN-REGENT OF SPAIN, AND HER SON, ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.  
*From a Photograph by Valentin, Madrid.*





## “IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE”

BY AMELIA PAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE ALLINGHAM.

But then—? It took them far, far away from the gas-lit, red-plushed opera-house, or concert-hall, or packed drawing-room where they might be listening to her, and filled their hearts with that which they could never have expressed, and filled their eyes with tears of which they were wrongly ashamed, and sent them home with only two desires in the world—to hear that voice again, and to be loved by somebody to madness.

The world knew her as “Talva.” Her real name was Carolina Tomasini. Carlo Tomasini, her father, had been a poor Neapolitan sculptor—poor both as to his art and, consequently, his pocket. He had

“DEAR FRIEND,” said the singer to the Prince, “believe me, this is no idle caprice; nor can my decision alter. I have no reason for refusing to marry you beyond the reason that I will marry no one.”

The Frenchman to whom she was speaking in his own tongue, and the tongue of her adoption, bowed gravely and said—

“I will take my *congé*—since it is your command—but not with the understanding that it is final. I know that you will change your mind with regard to marriage. It is inevitable—I know it. And when that change comes to pass I shall return to you once more.”

“You give me much pain,” said the singer wearily, “for I know my voice will be the only love that I shall welcome back. I have told you what my life has been till now. It will recommence shortly—as soon as I regain my voice. Is there room in such a life for thoughts of marriage?”

“If you loved me, yes.”

She could have said, “Wait until then, and I shall be content.” But she was kind-hearted and very greatly experienced. This was, perhaps, the twentieth man (she had not kept strict count) who had proposed marriage to her since the beginning of her career ten years ago. She felt, though without great interest, that none had been more deeply in earnest. In truth, few had been less than wholly so, for she was a woman who radiated the very atmosphere of love, and lived the life that created most opportunities for its expression—the life of a prima donna.

She was beautiful to look at, dark and not tall, but individual to eccentricity; lit by the light of mind and soul, and divinely shaped in feature and in limb.

She was delightful to know; brilliant, kind, super-feminine, full of sublime contradictions and unutterable graces.

And, above all, was she good to listen to, when she opened her red lips and her heart in song. Hers was the voice beyond and above all others—a voice that could only be likened to the music that we hear—not with our ears—when we find ourselves in some place of solitude where Nature can speak and sing consolation to us: a big wood on a summer evening; or the sea at night when the stars are out; or a blue-white mountain under a blue-white moon. Her voice had that same effect—mysterious, indefinable—on all who had suffered weariness, and on some, perhaps, who had tasted little emotion until wakened by this wonderful voice.



Motionless and silent as the Minerva she stood.



married his model, naturally, and Carolina was the first of their five children. When she was sixteen, her voice was made known to the great Maestro Pallostro, and he trained her to the best of his ability—the greatest ability in all Italy—perhaps in all the world. He also fell in love with her, but that was of no consequence.

He did not want her to marry; his worship of her voice divine was equal to his worship of herself, and nobler. Her career came to be his highest ambition, and he saw it fully realised—more than realised. Never had there been such a career. Europe rose to its feet in one burst of enthusiasm. From the time of her first appearance, at the age of twenty, her life was one long triumphal progress from capital to capital, one forest of laurels, one shower of jewels, one unbroken record of broken hearts. For men fell in love with her, at last, almost on description, on rumour, in anticipation. To fall in love with her on sight and on hearing went without saying. But the Signora Tomasini guarded her daughter from the world with the vigilance of a mother-tigress. A poor, ignorant little model, raised to a post of great responsibility, and actually equal to it in a blindly instinctive, clumsy, and sometimes impossible way, she was wonderful. Her round, cream-coloured face and very ample figure, with the eternal black jet trimmings, followed La Talva unflinchingly through the endless hotels and artists' rooms and green-rooms, and railway stations and royal courts; followed her to continents of which she had never even heard; patient, stout, uneducated, full of silent financial ambitions, and heavy with a sense of her grave duty.

And then, quite suddenly, at the apex of all this fame and glory, came the crash.

La Talva fell ill—desperately ill. She was in Paris then, and in the midst of stupendous engagements. The great dates of her appearances must go by like ordinary dates. The illness attacked her throat. On an evil day it was discovered that an operation was imperative. That nightmare operation! there in her throat, the slender pillar of her heavenly gift!

She recovered, as far as the actual illness was concerned, in a few weeks; but the doctor, most celebrated of specialists, warned her that she must not expect to recover her voice for some time. When could she hope to begin again? Impossible to say for the present. He would see how it went with her.

Already then he had never known anything more surely than he knew that she would never, as long as she lived, utter another note.

And this he deemed it wise to keep to himself, for professional as well as for humane reasons. The world had already begun to mourn the death of the most beautiful sound that had ever reached it through a human being before ever a shadow of the truth had crossed her hope.

She remained in Paris after her recovery in order to be near the physician on whose word she believed her life to depend—the only life, at all events, that she cared to live.

And so she had sent away the Prince, even as she had sent away all humbler and all equal aspirants, and had seen him depart, patient and reverent, without a flicker of doubt as to her own feelings, or much more than a flicker of real pity for his.

When the door closed behind him, she stood for a moment in thought, then went instinctively to the piano and made a movement to open it, forgetting that it was locked, and that she herself had placed the key in her mother's keeping. She had forgotten it countless times before, but it irritated her more than usual now. She could so easily have dispelled the banal episode of this last hour if she could only have let her fingers wander over the keys, and lead her away for awhile from this flower-scented drawing-room, with its palling superabundance of luxuries and affectations. She began to walk up and down, repossessed by the restlessness that constantly tormented her in these days of enforced silence. Her feet made no noise on the thick carpet, but the yellow silk train of her tea-gown made a whispering sound at each step, and indicated her mood to the ears of Madame Tomasini, listening in the corridor outside.

"Ah, I'm so glad that you are back," said the singer, as soon as the door had opened and her mother was waddling slowly towards a chair. "Have you enjoyed your shopping?"

They always spoke to each other in Italian.

"Well enough. I have just passed the Prince at the corner of this street. Did he come from here? I didn't stop to talk to him. He was walking quickly."

"Yes, he came from here."

"Any news?"

"Not much. He made me an offer of marriage."

A light went up in the mother's eyes.

"And you—?"

"Refused his offer, of course." La Talva began her listless walk up and down the room again.

The mother fought with a sudden breathlessness before she could speak.

"You—you refused the Prince de Saronne! You refused him, one of the first noblemen in the land! The owner of half a province, and of half a million of money! You—you—no! No, no! You are mocking me—"

"Don't let us talk of it, *madre mia*. You know my

reason for rejecting him—and all the others. When I get back my voice—"

And then Madame Tomasini, for the first time in all the years of her faithful guardianship, lost her self-control utterly, and let furious words pour forth till the foam gathered at the corners of her mouth and frightened her daughter. La Talva stood leaning against the closed piano, motionless. The torrent of words grew and grew.

Was she mad—mad—that she had destroyed such a chance, thrown away such an offer, as though it had been made by the bootblack? Had she only herself to think of in the world, or did she suppose that this was a fit life for an old woman like her, running from one place to another, without rest, or peace, or real comfort? Refuse him! And all for what?—for an empty dream—a childish idea that had no foundation and no sense. Yes; she might as well know the truth. It might still be in time. Her voice was gone for ever and ever; not a note of it would she get back; she alone was duped by hopes of its return; the whole world guessed the truth already, and was beginning to laugh at her. And what was to become of them in the future? This would kill her, it would surely kill her—!

When she paused at last, choking, wet with perspiration, shaking with the force of her own rage and the fear of what she had said, the singer moved dazedly from her position and walked very slowly to the door, without a word. Her hope was not quite dead even then. The remains of it gave her enough strength and energy to reach her room, order her brougham, dress, and drive to the house of the great specialist. He saw her at once; and this time he told her the truth.

She drove home, leaning far back in the brougham, for she was aware that all Paris knew her livery.

Madame Tomasini had followed her every movement, by sound, until the carriage had driven out of hearing. She had even guessed its destination, and was awaiting its return with palpitations of anxiety. What would happen?

She had pictured to herself every possible issue but the right one. For the singer came back into the room, smiling and unfastening her long satin cloak, and kissed her on both cheeks, saying—

"Poor mother! Why didn't anybody tell me before? Now we can sit and talk it over."

But the face under the white veil went to the other's heart with a rush of anguish.

The mother had hoped that this talk would lead to the immediate recall of the Prince. But it was not so.

"I have no love to give him," the singer had said; "and that ends it, *n'è vero?* We won't speak of it again."

Indeed, nothing definite was arrived at as yet. La Talva had not had time to do more than try to realise this thing that had befallen her. Her first impulse, perhaps, had been to fly from realisation, to seek distraction. She would leave these rooms and go about and amuse herself. The freedom from all ties, engagements, responsibilities, might prove refreshing and give her an added power of enjoyment.

But the money—Madame Tomasini had hazarded—there was not too much put by; it had been spent lavishly—and if no more was to come in—?

True, of course. She had not thought of all that. She would make no plans for the present.

But in a few days' time she had, nevertheless, come to a decision. She would not travel about, squandering the money of which they might one day be glad; she would go away to some very quiet, unpeopled place where no one knew her and pitied her, and where she might in time regain her lost peace.

"And you won't be angry with me, little mother?" she said, when they spoke of it together; "but I must go alone. I don't even know why I have this wish, but just at the first let me be by myself. These rooms are mine for some months yet. You shall stay here if you like, and Lucia shall come and keep you company and enjoy herself."

Lucia was the youngest daughter of the Signora Tomasini, and unmarried.

But now, of a sudden, the mother was all for gaiety and distraction. For once, money was a secondary consideration. In this last week, during which La Talva had been slowly forming her plans, the poor woman had been suffering more and more from fears that poisoned her days and spoiled her nights distressingly. She had noted every smallest change that was taking place in her daughter's manner and looks and moods. Some of these changes were so trifling that only she, the mother, could have attached a meaning and a fear to them—such things, for instance, as a difference in the singer's mode of wearing her gorgeous dresses, or the fact that she now wore the little black curls brushed straight back from her forehead, instead of letting her maid arrange them with the old perfection; or, again, that daily order to the *portier*—that they would receive no one who called. Such little things hurt her as much as the bigger signs of change. And these were not a few. One morning she saw that all the laurel-wreaths and painted ribbons and photographs—trophies of for ever past triumphs—had disappeared from the drawing-room. She dared not ask a question on the subject. There was something now in the singer's manner and face that forbade interference. And yet the face was chiefly wistful,

with the brilliancy and the moonlight all gone out of the eyes, and dark grey lines deepening daily underneath them. The speaking voice, too, was altered—dragging and low. Often and often, in the long nights, the mother would leave her bed, put a big shawl round her shoulders (for it was January now, and draughty in the corridor), and stand listening outside the daughter's room. Sometimes she heard even steps pacing the floor, constantly she saw a light shining through chinks and keyhole, but she never heard sounds of weeping. At most a little moaning. It was she herself who shed the tears—floods of ready Southern tears, the traces of which she was very careful to hide in the morning. For she affected a great cheerfulness at this time. Wherefore, when the singer spoke now of going away to rest, alone, the mother was determined to hide her quickened anxiety.

"*Ma che!*" she said, with a laugh that was meant to represent light-heartedness itself, "*ma che!* We will shut up these rooms, or let them, and be gone together, you and I, as we have always been; and we will amuse ourselves like two queens. I don't want to be left behind like an old slipper, *figlia mia*; and Lucia is quite contented where she is."

But in the end La Talva had her way. And Lucia came the day before she left, tried not to show how the change in her sister horrified her, and presently forgot the horror and most else in the delight of her new surroundings and the intoxication of the prima donna's huge wardrobe, with which she had permission to do what she would.

For La Talva left behind her all but the simplest necessities. She also left a promise to send news of her movements, and to let her mother, now frankly tearful, join her as soon as possible.

She went to Italy. That had been her first instinct. And there, on a small island in the Mediterranean, she found, at last, what she desired.

It was a small, pink-washed house hanging on the slope of a melancholy hill, and turning its back upon the ruins of the old palazzo that stood on the summit, crying eternally of dead grandeurs.

From the solitary house to the shore below, a long pathway wound through endless trees—olive and eucalyptus, and orange and lemon trees, that hid all but the flat pink roof. It contained few rooms, but enough for the singer and the old Neapolitan woman who was there as caretaker, and who agreed volubly—enthusiastically—to remain as her servant.

So La Talva dropped the name that had thrilled two continents, and took up her life in the melancholy villa as La Signora Tomasini. It pleased her to make this lethal resting-place as different as possible from her previous surroundings—simple almost to asceticism—as near to nature as such an abode may be. The windows were all curtainless; the floors, paved principally with black and white tiles, needed no carpets; big plants and beautiful flowers took the place of man-made ornamentation. Only one small room was dedicated to the mind. Here books filled the deal shelves round the four walls, a writing-desk stood in the window, and a work-table occupied the centre.

There was no piano. Every sheet of music had been left behind in the Louis XV. drawing-room in Paris. There was to be no connecting link between past and present.

Maria (the old servant) and the birds were the sole witnesses of the life that the silenced singer lived on that solitary hillside.

At first it did not seem too sad a life. She worked in her garden, seriously and hard, her hair knotted roughly under a kerchief, her beautiful, small, blue-veined hands unprotected, the exquisite lines of her figure obliterated by loose garments made of such common materials as she had not known of till now. Or she sat in the "studio," as Maria chose to call it, and read, or wrote, or made her own clothes. At night, for aught one knew, she may have slept.

But as the days increased and lengthened, and grew slowly warmer, a certain lassitude began to make these occupations arduous, then rare, and at last stopped them almost wholly. Maria noticed with grief (for she adored La Signora as only La Signora could be adored) that her mistress was getting to look even smaller and whiter than when she had first come here. Maria did her utmost to cheer her, in her own mistaken way; but, *Dio mio!* what could one do in a lonely place like this, with a Signora, too, who so loved the silence that she allowed no singing or humming even at work? Curious that the Signora herself should make no complaints. Indeed she often lengthened these already long days by sitting up till far into the nights, though she might do nothing in all those heavy hours but sit in the little studio looking straight before her. And when Maria had asked her why she did not sit outside on the *loggia* now that the nights were good, the Signora had only said "There are the birds out there, Maria. The spring comes quickly." *Ehe!* What could one do, indeed? Only shrug one's shoulders and work one's best, especially in preparing the short meals: for the Signora was of a daintiness! A pity that no friend ever came up that long path to make her talk a little. She, Maria, had the fishermen and their wives to gossip with, down by the shore; and on the rare occasions when letters or stores were



brought to the house, she could always detain the bearer and ease her tongue a little.

But on a day early in April, a stranger did at last find his way up that winding path, and the disused bell at the entrance-gate sounded for the first time. Maria ran panting into the garden, where her mistress was sitting on the round stone bench, from which one could see the sun set over the water.

The bell had rung—the bell of the front entrance—as sure as fate! What in Heaven's name should she do?

"You must open. It will be some mistake," said the Signora quietly.

And presently a long shadow fell across the garden path, and she looked up.

The Prince stood before her with bared head.

"Diva!"

Just for one moment—the first moment of recognition—a light, a flash of gladness, came into her face. She made a movement towards him with outstretched hands. But even before her hands were freed from his grasp, that light was out.

"Have I come too soon?" he was saying. To himself he had said, when his eyes fell upon her, "Have I come too late?"

"How have you traced me here?" was all her answer, and all her welcome.

"That is soon told, though it was not soon done," he said, still standing before her. She smiled suddenly and made a movement, permitting him to sit beside her.

"You see," she said, "how quickly one forgets even common politeness. And you are tired."

The stress of travel was drawn visibly in the lines about his face. He was of an age when fatigue has power of expression—close on forty. And bodily fatigue had been aided by mental suffering. But she felt no pity for him now. Indeed the contrast between the calm of her indifference and the calm of his own great emotion smote him bitterly.

But she listened with interest while he half told her, and she half guessed how, by untiring toil and unwavering determination, he had found out her hiding-place. She was glad on hearing that her mother, true to her solemn promise, had given him no help, but not so glad that she could check a sigh for the woman whose weaknesses she knew so well. In truth, it had been through Lucia that he had been fired to this search, for it was from her that he had heard of the great change in the singer's looks and ways. Since that short talk with Lucia he had known no peace.

"And so," he ended, "my destiny has brought me back to you. Is my hope to live or to die? I wonder! But I will wait. You know how I can wait."

She shook her head slowly.

"My life is over," she said.

"Begin a new life," he urged, "the old one is over, and this—this is no life. The new one shall begin when you come to me; and here, between sea and sky, I swear to you that it shall be a happy one—yes, in spite of the sorrow which I share with you—in spite of the gods themselves, if need be. This cannot last, this self-burial. You have tried it now for many months. How has it succeeded? Your face, your voice answer me. You are unhappy. The peace that you sought is not here. Here, in this Home of Melancholy, the past haunts you at every moment—it must be so; there is

no possibility of escape from memory or regret. Give me leave—"

She stopped him with a gesture of the hand.

"Nothing can make me forget."

"Give me leave," he repeated, "to try and win you from this slow death. I will not ask you yet to give me more—to give me Heaven. You must believe that my love is no selfish thing. I would never have sought to disturb your rest had I thought that it was a happy one—had I not thought that my love could bring happiness to you in the end—to you and to others; for you cannot think that you alone are suffering. If you had seen your mother as I saw her last—so old and careworn and broken—"

the supper-table with flowers more than an hour ago, in honour of their first and sole guest.

They ate almost in silence, this pale-faced man and woman, and then he prepared to go. There was suspense, restlessness, but not despair, in his farewell.

"Or will you show yet greater patience," he asked, with her hand still in his, "and put me on my way? A boat is waiting for me down by the shore. It will be light on your way back. The moon is up."

She went with him.

At a little resting-place half-way between house and shore he bade her good-night again, and made yet another appeal. And her answer, bare of love though it was, did not destroy his stubborn hope.

She said: "I will retract my demand that you come here no more. Come once again in three days. And I will have ready for you the final 'No' or 'Yes.' Only it is right that I should tell you this: If it is 'Yes,' it will be neither for your sake nor for my own. My mother has devoted all her life to me and to my happiness. I would like to give her some happiness in return during the little rest of my life. And I know that I can do this through you. Can you be content to have it so?"

And he said: "No, nor will it be so in the end. I will come again in three days. And I will wait as many years."

But his eyes, as they followed her out of sight, were full of hunger and of suffering.

She walked slowly up the steep incline, too weary, both in mind and in body, to note the mysterious beauty of moonlit trees and flowers through which she passed. Why had he come to disturb her peaceful misery? Why had she not sent him away without listening to his troublous entreaties? If she had been alone in the world, free of all human ties, how different it would have been! how easy to send him away unheard! But now—

She turned, lost in the darkness of her own thoughts, up a narrow by-path. It led to a small, grass-grown terrace, made, no doubt, in the days when all this wild vegetation was part of a great pleasure-garden. It was flooded in moonlight. Beyond the ruined balustrade that threw black shadows on the grass stretched long bands of sea and sky. A broken grey statue of Minerva showed distinct and weirdly human against a background of shining laurels.

The singer stood transfixed—a second statue, with her set face and straight grey garments. She had never before found her way to this spot, and its sad,

neglected loveliness both calmed and stirred her. It was so still, and solemn, and full of the dead years—a temple erected by long unworshipped gods to Nature herself.

The scent of the orange-trees was pungent, the air warm with memories of the sun.

Presently she moved, as though unconsciously, across the grass to the edge of the little terrace, and stood there long, her eyes fixed sightlessly upon the shimmering path that crossed the water far below.

Motionless and silent as the Minerva she stood, until slowly, slowly some dormant spirit seemed to awaken within her, and to dominate her—a spirit from her past. Her hands separated, and moved gradually outwards; her eyes widened with reverent rapture; her breast rose; and the lips parted for a song that could never rise beyond her heart. No sound broke the marvellous stillness.



A long shadow fell across the garden path, and she looked up. The Prince stood before her with bared head.

La Talva looked up at him then, with something besides tolerance in her eyes. He noted it at once, and laid even greater stress on this argument. He spoke with growing ardour. The sun went under; the gold passed slowly out of sea and sky; the shadows lost themselves. It was getting late. Maria passed repeatedly at a lower window, and clattered the plates that she was carrying. Supper would get cold. Her mistress saw the wrinkled yellow face, with the blue-black parting and the gold ear-rings, framed in the window, but realised nothing. She was deep in doubt. The man at her side was still pleading, his fine sensitive face lit with the excitement of his own eloquence, his whole attitude full of urgent appeal.

It was nine o'clock when the singer rose at last and led the way into the little room where poor Maria had docketed



In the sudden agony of remembrance she sank upon her knees, with hands pressed to her throat, and a moan came on the breath that was drawn for a note.

And then, close by, from the spray of an orange-tree, came another sound—sustained, rapturous, divine, the song of the nightingale.

The woman listened, spellbound and cold. And when the song ceased she fell forward, soundlessly, upon the grass, and lay quite still, as though in sleep.

The bird spread frightened wings and flew far away.

Two days dawned and died, and late on the afternoon of the third day the Prince stood again at the door of the pink house. Maria opened at once. He followed her through the little tiled vestibule into the studio.

The singer was sitting there by the window, an open book on her knees.

The moment that she turned her face towards him—even before she had opened her lips—a flash of intuition had told him that some fresh change had taken place in her. It was not the same face that had tortured him three days ago, nor was it the same that had enraptured him in Paris. It was pale still, and grave, as he had seen it last, but instead of the set despair that had hardened it then, a quiet melancholy, like starlight on calm waters, shone now in her eyes and gave her beauty a new meaning. The

nor bought for money, nor toiled at, or soiled on its way from Heaven—music that is far above human effort as are the stars from the candle. It was the nightingale—she paused a moment, and her eyes widened and shone; “a little brown bird—small—this hand would have covered it—I could see it half hidden under the shining leaves—and that tiny being could give forth music so celestial, so pure, it could only be of Nature and of God. In all its wonderful simplicity it told of the greatest love and the highest ecstasy.” Again she paused, for her voice was not steady. “Since we may hear such music as that, divine and perfect, why do I grieve so for my voice, that was only human and imperfect? Oh, how we live by vanity!”

He remained silent, but rose and stretched out his hands to her. As she came towards him she saw that his lips formed the words “And now?”

“And now,” she answered, “make me love you. I want to. They say that love has a voice more beautiful than the nightingale’s. I prayed in the night that I might hear it.”

THE END.

#### MUSIC.

On Wednesday of last week M. Lamoureux gave the last of his afternoon series of concerts, although one evening concert still remains before him. The programme of the

pretty enough in inspiration and execution, but which is not work of high importance. Mdlle. Clotilde Kleeberg played the solo instrument, however, extremely well. Saint-Saëns’ “Danse Macabre” was also given.

On the Thursday afternoon at St. James’s Hall, those very clever young ladies, Miss Mabel Chaplin, Miss Nellie Chaplin, and Miss Kate Chaplin, who call themselves the Chaplin Trio, gave a concert under the direction of Mr. N. Vert. Miss Nellie Chaplin took the pianoforte, Miss Mabel Chaplin the cello, and Miss Kate Chaplin the violin. Miss Mabel Chaplin has a really remarkable strength of wrist and steadiness of tone, while for emotional qualities she probably only needs time for their development. In accuracy of ear, which though the most obvious is also the most necessary essential of good violin-playing, Miss Kate Chaplin’s certainty is as remarkable as her sister’s, and she played the violin part in Max Bruch’s Concerto in D minor with the greatest care, neatness, and precision. It was certainly all that the concerto deserved, and for that reason she made a wise enough choice. The concert concluded with a performance of Tchaikowsky’s Trio, written as a musical elegy in memory of Rubinstein. It was played with care, attention, and ease by these ladies, who always show an interest of the most agreeable kind in their work. Miss Nellie Chaplin’s pianoforte-playing was distinguished by its decisiveness and self-possession.

Last Saturday at the Crystal Palace Mr. Manns gave,



THE CHINESE QUESTION: AMOOR COSSACKS ON THE MARCH THROUGH MANCHURIA TO PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.

The Amoor Cossacks, like the rest of the various Cossack communities of the Russian Empire, furnish their own arms and mounts, except the rifle or carbine, which the Government supplies. Tethered on their high saddles, covered with a sort of leather pillow, containing the rider's kit, with short stirrups, heels close to the horse's side, no spurs, but the nagaika or whip instead, slung round the neck or carried in the hand, and armed with lance, sword, and rifle, these Cossacks look business-like enough. And so they are. Excellent horsemen, standing fatigue and exposure with impunity, man and beast alike, they form an effective part of the army on the move through Manchuria from the Amoor district towards Port Arthur.

character of her dress, even, was different, and a few early roses were fastened at her breast.

His look questioned her, pleadingly. He had no words at the first. She motioned him to a seat.

“I was awaiting you,” she said, half turning from him to close her book.

“Tell me,” he said, with his questioning eyes still upon her, “what is it? Something has changed you since—that night. You are not the same—tell me quickly.”

“You are right,” she said. “Something has happened to me. A nothing—and yet—it has brought me once more among the living. Only—I am not quite used to it yet.”

Her tremulous smile was suddenly near to tears. He took the low seat that she had indicated, and waited without speaking.

“It is only this,” she said, “that I have realised, at last, that the loss I have mourned through all these months is neither great nor important—not worth the grief, certainly, that grieves others. You don’t understand. How shall I tell you? Perhaps you think, with the world, that my loss was great; but think again. I decked myself in silks and diamonds, and sang mere human music attuned to human words, and the world applauded my song, and praised it with praise that belongs to higher things. Perhaps I sang as well as we may sing such music. My voice was built up by a man of great knowledge and of talent. But—” she leaned forward and spoke more rapidly—“the other night, when you had left me, I heard the music that is not taught,

concert on this occasion was arranged by plébiscite, with the natural result that Tchaikowsky’s “Pathetic Symphony” was played. The last time the French conductor interpreted this work he made it completely clear that in him we have a conductor of the very highest order of intelligence. Some critics had ventured to doubt this at the very first, when he brought over that wonderfully polished and refined French band of his. But that performance of the Tchaikowsky would surely have been enough of itself to set him apart as a conductor of extraordinary ability. On this occasion, with the same work, he reached almost as splendid if not quite so brilliant a height. You cannot expect a man to repeat perfection offhand; after all, even Raffaele only painted one Sistine Madonna.

Anyway it was a noble performance, which, curiously enough, brought one quite close to the literary sentiment of Tchaikowsky’s work; in other words, M. Lamoureux made you realise rather subtly a “programme,” but without drawing your attention from the music. The “programme” in question, as a critic has already pointed out, is none other than Shelley’s “Adonais”; but that is a subject which, to do it justice, would require a long article to itself. Suffice it to say that the radical difference lies in the fact that Tchaikowsky leaves off just at the point where Shelley, abandoning the attitude of despair, turns to hope. In Tchaikowsky you have nothing of the “Peace, peace, he is not dead” sentiment. We also had played on the same occasion, for the first time in England, a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra which was

for the bulk of his programme, Mendelssohn’s ever young and delightful “Hymn of Praise.” This is a work which shows Mendelssohn in his most attractive light as a musician of the highest fancy and as a master of beautiful melody. The symphony for orchestra which introduces the work stands among the masterpieces of the world for exquisite-ness, delicacy, and refined distinction. It is only in the rather overdone grandioseness of some of the choruses that the work gets a little off its balance and unwieldy. Meanwhile, one never forgets that in the “Watchman” scene this master reached a height—exceptional, let it be allowed, however—of imagination that is exceedingly moving and impressive. The work was performed extremely well, on the whole, carefully, and also with distinction. The soloists were Miss Ella Russell, Madame Ada Patterson, and Mr. Henry Piercy. Miss Ella Russell was quite in her best form, her singing of the most difficult passages being accomplished with a singular combination of ease with power. Madame Patterson was a very agreeable second soprano, and Mr. Henry Piercy took the tenor part somewhat unequally. The orchestra was in very good form. Before the “Hymn of Praise,” these singers gave separate songs, the Crystal Palace Choir sang Bishop’s somewhat too well-known “Sleep, gentle lady,” and the orchestra also played Mr. Hamish MacCunn’s youthful and Wagnerian overture, “Land of the Mountain and Flood,” which, despite youth and Wagner combined, showed, when it was produced, a promise so singular and so delightful. Mr. Manns conducted with his customary keenness and vigour.





THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.—PREPARING FOR ACTION ON AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR: FILLING GUN AND DIVISION TUBS FOR THE SPONGES.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Brown Men and Women: or, The South Sea Islands in 1895 and 1896.* By Edward Reeves. With Illustrations and a Map of Tonga. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

*Through South Africa.* By H. M. Stanley, M.P. (Sampson Low and Co.)

*Three Years in Savage Africa.* By Lionel Deele. With an Introduction by H. M. Stanley, M.P. With Illustrations and Maps. (Methuen and Co.)

*Campaigning on the Upper Nile and the Niger.* By Lieutenant Seymour Vandeleur, D.S.O. With Introduction by Sir George Goldie, K.C.M.G. (Methuen and Co.)

*A Frontier Campaign.* A Narrative of the Operations of the Malakand and Buner Field Forces, 1897-1898. By Viscount Fincastle, V.C., and Lieutenant P. G. Elliott-Lockhart. With a Map and 16 Illustrations. (Methuen and Co.)

*The Indian Frontier War: Being an Account of the Mohmand and Tirah Expeditions, 1897.* By Lionel James. With Illustrations, Photographs, Maps, and Plans. (William Heinemann.)

*Through the Famine Districts of India.* By F. H. S. Merewether. (A. D. Innes and Co.)

*Sidelights on Siberia.* Some Account of the Great Siberian Railroad and the Prison and Exile System. By J. Y. Simpson. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)

*Fifteen Years of Army Reform.* By an Officer. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)

*A Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry C. Rawlinson.* By Canon George Rawlinson. (Longmans and Co.)

*The Story of Perugia.* By Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff-Gordon. Medieval Towns Series. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

*Nelson and His Times.* By Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and H. W. Wilson. (Harmsworth.)

*Through China with a Camera.* By John Thompson, F.R.G.S. (A. Constable and Co.)

*Cranford.* By Mrs. Gaskell. With an Introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

Mr. Reeves has written a diffuse but lively book. As an old colonial, he scoffs at the romancers who daub their rhetorical rouge on Polynesian beauties, but none the less do his pages reflect the glow of sunshine sparkling on island gems set in sapphire seas. Voyaging from island to island in a New Zealand steamer, Mr. Reeves made acquaintance only with the natives affected, always for the worse, by contact with whites; hence he found the picturesque in decay, the native handiwork superseded by the sewing-machine, and the native minimum of dress demanded by the climate exchanged for clothing destructive alike to health and morals. He retails some exciting incidents in the career of that clever scoundrel, Bully Hayes, about whom Mr. Louis Becke, an he would, could tell us more than any man living; while the yarns spun on board the steamer are full of the rough flavour of the smoking-room. Lovers of "R. L. S." will welcome some references to his Samoan life, and to the affection in which the natives held him.

Mr. Stanley's volume consists of reprint of letters to *South Africa*, in which he describes his recent journey from the Cape to Rhodesia. Omitting references to raids and revolts, he gives a careful summary of Boer and Outlander views on the questions between them, and wisely suggests that a way to peaceful settlement lies in the creation of a feeling of patriotism among the immigrants, whose sole aim at present is to get gold and come home to swagger with it. Mr. Stanley's generally sympathetic treatment of burning subjects would be more effective were it not marred by the denial of a single redeeming virtue to Oom Paul, "the dense, the ignorant, the imperturbable."

The "good wine" in Mr. Deele's narrative of his journey of seven thousand miles from Cape Town to Uganda, and thence to the Indian Ocean, needs "no bush" of commendatory introduction. But perhaps Mr. Stanley's testimony to "the greatness of the achievement" may send readers to the book. Mr. Deele, who is of French parentage, was entrusted by his Government with a scientific mission, in his report upon which a too partial view of the merits of British administration led to official censure and cut short his career, so far as service under the French flag was concerned. Hence a journey on his own account, whereby have come valuable additions to our knowledge of the African negro, in all his sensuality and superstition. Appreciations of Mr. Rhodes and depreciations of German and Belgian administration enter into an interesting discussion on the yet unsolved "problem of Africa."

Recent events bring home the force of Lieutenant Vandeleur's reference to Africa as "a land where hardly a day passes without a shot being fired in defence of the Empire." The echoes of the artillery are heard throughout his vivid story of campaigns between the Nile and Niger, where the destinies of the "populous and organised States" of the Soudan are being determined. Both France and England are alive to this; but whichever Power proves itself dominant in that region, no progress in the best sense is possible until the curse of slave-raiding is extinguished. And Sir George Goldie contends that the remedy lies in the creation of a system of taxation which will furnish the native rulers with more revenue than the proceeds of sale of their subjects. Lieutenant Vandeleur has crowded an astonishing record of active service into a few years, and we expect to hear of him again.

With a soldier's directness of narrative, culled from rough diaries, Viscount Fincastle (who abstains from direct reference to the deeds in the Swat Valley which won him the Victoria Cross) and Lieutenant Elliott-Lockhart tell the story of the brilliant part played by the Malakand and Buner Field Forces in the Indian Frontier Campaign. Some prefatory notes explain the several causes leading the turbulent, fanatical tribes to a revolt which British pluck, struggling against unheard-of difficulties, quelled in a brief time. Of those difficulties a graphic account is given by the unfettered pen of Mr. James, who acted as Reuter's special correspondent with the troops. With such a country to traverse; with the inadequate means of transport, which he censures; and with such well-armed and crack shots as the Afridi and Pathan to face, the success of Sir William Lockhart in quelling the rebellion stands out as a triumph of discipline and of fighting humanely conducted, which the defeated tribesmen have hastened to recognise.

Another able representative of the ubiquitous Reuter has witnessed scarcely less gruesome sights than battle-

fields present in his journey through the famine-stricken districts of India. It is regrettable that statistics to an appendix, Mr. Merewether gives us a pathetic "human document" from which, however, prosaic fact cannot be excluded. For it makes clear how the tremendous force of customs based on religious obligations has aggravated the economic conditions producing famine and disease. Even the beneficence of British rule in abolishing hideous practices, as of female infanticide, and in creating systems of sanitation, has removed checks to over-population, and fostered increase of the multitude which, ever on the verge of starvation, bequeaths to its offspring a lowered vitality and physique to cope with the ceaseless struggle for food.

Mr. Simpson's book on Siberia is opportune. Interest is quickened in the wonderful railway which, running through nearly five thousand miles of Eurasia, will speedily find its terminus at Port Arthur. And Mr. Simpson's description of the country which it traverses will further help to dispel the popular illusion that Siberia is, as the schoolboy said of Russia, "cold and tyrannical"—only more so. Forty-four times as large as the British Isles, with regions still unexplored, it is known to hold enormous agricultural and mineral wealth in fee, offering well-nigh exhaustless outlets for human energy which may, in time, effect the creation of a vast political and social organisation in competition with Russia herself. Mr. Simpson's vivid account of exile life in Siberia proves that confinement in Wornwood Scrubbs or Portland is not to be preferred to it.

Army reform has been much in evidence of late, and justifies the reissue of the anonymous officer's brochure on that subject. All suggested remedies have their defects, but the most effective one would appear to be that which abolishes the dual control of civilian and soldier, the army being administered by a Board corresponding to the Admiralty. But such a measure has to face the jealousy of Parliament, which the annual voting on the Mutiny Bill ever awakens. The struggle of Charles I. and the Commons is not forgotten.

Soldier, diplomatist, administrator, archæologist, and linguist, Sir Henry Rawlinson played "many parts," and played them skilfully and well in his eighty-five years of life. Serving in his teens under John Company, he transferred his energies to Persia as military adviser of the King of Kings, and there began the series of Oriental studies which resulted in the brilliant discovery leading to the interpretation of the cuneiform texts of Chaldean libraries. Sir Henry saw further service in the East in various capacities, and on his retirement therefrom, his vast experience was utilised both in Parliament and on the India Council, while his interest in linguistic research was unlessened by age or pain. We have to thank his venerable brother, himself a distinguished scholar, for a delightful memoir of a noble and high-minded man.

It was a wise choice to begin a series of half-descriptive, half-historical guide-books to mediæval towns with the ancient Etruscan hill-city. To many of us who have passed a few days in the pleasant Hôtel Brufani, perched on the wall of what was once the citadel of Pope Paul, the name of Perugia is one to inspire delight. The city walls and towers running mysteriously from hill to hill, the grand market-place with the fountain of the Pisani, the incomparable polychrome façade of the Oratorio of San Bernardino—where in Italy can you find their like? The two young authors of the present work, whose names awaken old recollections in the literary world, have treated their fascinating subject with a tender discretion and a real sympathy, "as a heroine." The historical sketch which occupies the first part of the book is written with a flow and spirit quite uncommon and not unworthy of the turbulent chronicles of old Matarazzo. The chapters devoted to art are, perhaps, lacking in discrimination; and if less attention had been given to the pictorial and anecdotal side of the pictures and more to artistic appreciation, perhaps it should rather be depreciation, of the sentimental Umbrian school, one would feel that the more common errors of the tourist had been prevented. But the little work, as a whole, is quite exceptionally attractive and serviceable for its purpose, and one wishes the publishers had taken more trouble to do it justice in the matter of print and binding.

The Harmsworths have issued Lord Charles Beresford's book on Nelson as a companion volume to their "Sixty Years a Queen." It is primarily a picture-book; it is capably printed, and yet the pictures are not so well arranged as they ought to be. In technical language, the "make-up" is defective. "Nelson and His Times" is the forerunner of many similar works, the *raison d'être* of which is the modern facility for reproducing by mechanical processes the great wealth of old-world engraving which preceded illustrated journalism and the photographer. The accompanying text is a secondary matter. In the present case it happens to be very readable.

Mr. John Thompson's "Through China with a Camera" is as interesting as it is opportune, now that the eagles are gathering together over the huge carcass of the Celestial Empire. From Mr. Thompson's pictures of the country, literary and photographic, we should imagine that any change of government would be to the advantage of its people. "Poverty and ignorance we have among us in England; but no poverty so wretched, no ignorance so intense, as are found among the millions of China."

The reprint of "Cranford" and "The Moorland Cottage" in the "Nineteenth Century Classics" is introduced by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who knows the period of Victorian literature to which Mrs. Gaskell belongs, inside out. There is no palaver in Dr. Nicoll's preface. In the five and a half pages at his command he condenses the whole subject and directs the student to further authorities, suggesting, by the way, that Mr. John Morley wrote the obituary of Mrs. Gaskell in the *Saturday Review*. This is precisely the sort of introduction that should be written for a reprint.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

## THE OLD PUBLISHERS AND THE NEW.

I am interested in the announcement that Mr. Grant Richards is proposing to publish the five principal novels of Jane Austen in ten volumes, uniform with the Edinburgh Stevenson. "Lady Susan" and "The Watsons" are still the copyright of Messrs. Bentley, having been first published through the intervention of Mr. Austen Leigh, the novelist's nephew.

It is not too much to say that the Edinburgh Stevenson is an absolute ideal, which publishers may take to guide them when they are anxious to produce really handsome books. In this respect it is curious how, for the most part, the older firms of publishers have separated themselves from the younger men, so far as concerns the mechanical production of books. I do not think, indeed, that these younger publishers will ever make anything like the same amount of money that their elder brethren have secured. The town house and the country house and the carriage are not, so far as I have observed, the good fortune of any of the men who have entered the publishing business within the last dozen years or so. This does not alter the fact that the new publishers are producing books artistically, and that the old publishers have never shown much capacity for so doing.

I doubt if any publisher nowadays could make the colossal profits of the older houses. These latter initiated great school-book projects, for which they paid, in many cases, a comparatively small sum, and out of which they have steadily drawn thousands from year to year. Some of them purchased novels for anything from fifty to five hundred pounds, and made five thousand out of the transaction. Sir Walter Besant and the Society of Authors, plus the literary agent, have made that kind of thing impossible, and one popular novelist, to my knowledge, proposes to obtain seven thousand pounds down from a publisher before a single copy of the writer's next book is sold.

None the less I must return to my main point, which is one of serious indictment of the older firms of publishers. Their business capacity, from the point of view of producing good books, has never been greater than it is to-day. In looking down the new lists of Longmans and Murray, of Smith and Elder, and of Bentley, I find that they still contain new works equal or superior to those of any of their rivals; but when I come to place these same books side by side with those of the newer and younger firms, from the point of view of paper, of binding, and of printing I am bound to recognise that the books of the older firms are completely out of court. This new movement in good printing commenced, if I am not mistaken, with the Riverside Press, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and with the press of Messrs. R. and R. Clark, of Edinburgh, who are responsible for the bulk of the books issued by the Macmillans. Since then two or three firms have obtained distinction, notably Constables, of Edinburgh, and the Ballantyne Press, and both these firms really understand in a remarkable way that printing may still be a fine art among us.

As an example of what I mean, let me take the new Byron, issued by Mr. John Murray. Here is a book in which I am quite sure that expense was not considered, and in which the publisher would probably, had the taste been his, as readily have gone to one firm of printers as to another. The result is a distinctly ugly book, judged from the point of view of the bibliophile. I do not say that it will not sell just as well as if it had been produced under the careful guidance of Mr. Blaikie, of Constables, or after careful consultation with Mr. Arthur Humphreys, who has shown by his editions of "Marcus Aurelius" and "Epictetus" that he knows how a good book should be produced. The fact remains that the new Byron—whatever may be its merits as the final and complete issue of the poet's works—is a distinctly ugly book, that its type is comparatively poor and old-fashioned, that its headlines altogether lack the balance and taste which should be given to so important and so distinctive a book, and you may even see the type through the all-too-transparent paper. The large-paper edition, I may add, which lends itself peculiarly to the zeal of the enthusiast in these matters, provides a far less pleasing page than the smaller edition.

As a matter of fact, until the recent revival of printing, there had been for wellnigh half a century a tremendous lack of artistic taste in the production of books. To contrast the Aldine poets as issued by Pickering with the Aldine poets issued by Bell and Son would seem to indicate retrogression indeed.

Another and still older firm than Mr. Murray's I am tempted to indict in this connection. Messrs. Longmans, with perhaps the most magnificent catalogue of any firm of publishers in England, with many of the most famous writers in history, in theology, and in criticism that our modern literature has seen, produce these authors in a manner altogether unworthy of the reputation of the books or of their publishers. You may buy Newman's "Apologia" uniform with a novel by Mr. Rider Haggard, and both of them bound in a way which the slightest examination of Messrs. Methuen's six-shilling novels should make quite impossible.

Take Thackeray again. Until the new Biographical Edition, it is not too much to say that, with the exception of the first edition of "Esmond," Messrs. Smith and Elder have never issued, during the forty and more years that they have published Thackeray's works, a single really well-printed and well-prepared volume of the great novelist, always excepting that fine edition of "Esmond" in three volumes, which was, I admit, a pretty book. Sometimes the binding was wrong, sometimes the paper, and sometimes the printing. The same criticism applies, until Mr. Oswald Crauford recently took the books in hand, to Messrs. Chapman and Hall's various issues of the works of Carlyle and Dickens—ugly books, all of them, as a bibliophile views them.

C. K. S.





1. Officer.

2. Sailors Working Quick-Firing Gun.

3. Marines.

4. Cutlass Exercise.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

From Photographs by Gregory, Strand.



# THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR.



1. Old Fort at Entrance to the Harbour  
5. The Fortifications.

2. The Harbour.  
6. Shipping Turtle: Sponge-Fishing Skiff in the Foreground.

3. Main Street.

4. Banyan-Tree in the American Barrack Square.  
7. An American Residence.

VIEWS OF KEY WEST, THE AMERICAN NAVAL STATION NEAREST TO CUBA.

From Photographs supplied by Mr. Cecil Kannan.



# THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



MILITARY TYPES IN SPAIN AND CUBA.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF CARTHAGENA.



THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR.



SPANISH MEN-OF-WAR OFF CADIZ.



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN, BORN 1885.



THE PORT OF BARCELONA, WITH THE FORTIFICATIONS ON THE CLIFF.



GENERAL VIEW OF PORTO RICO.



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: SPANISH WAR-SHIPS.



*Photo West and Son, Southsea.*

VIZCAYA. FIRST CLASS BELTED CRUISER.  
7000 Tons; 15,000 Horse Power; 12 Guns



*Photo Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.*

INFANTA MARIA TERESA, FIRST CLASS BELTED CRUISER.  
7000 Tons; 15,000 Horse Power; 12 Guns.



*Photo Symonds.*

COLUMBIA. HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINER.  
Purchased by Spain.



*Photo Symonds.*

MARQUES DE LA ENSENADA, THIRD CLASS CRUISER.  
1030 Tons; 1600 Horse Power; 4 Guns.



*Photo West.*

SPREE.



*Photo West.*

GERALDA.



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS, AND THE LINER "PARIS."



*Photo Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.*

NEW YORK, TWIN-SCREW ARMoured CRUISER; FLAG-SHIP OFF HAVANA.  
8200 Tons; 17,401 Horse Power; 18 Guns.



*Photo Symonds.*

COLUMBIA, TRIPLE-SCREW CRUISER.  
7375 Tons; 18,500 Horse Power; 11 Guns.



*Photo Symonds.*

BROOKLYN, TWIN-SCREW ARMoured CRUISER.  
9250 Tons; 16,000 Horse Power; 20 Guns.



*Photo Symonds.*

SAN FRANCISCO, TWIN-SCREW CRUISER.  
4008 Tons; 9913 Horse Power; 12 Guns.



*Photo Symonds.*

MARBLEHEAD, TWIN-SCREW CRUISER.  
2089 Tons; 5451 Horse Power; 9 Guns.



*Photo West and Son, Southsea.*

PARIS, STEAM-SHIP.  
Sailed from Southampton for New York, April 23.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I am glad to observe the question of contaminated oysters has of late days been raised by the Corporations of places interested in the cultivation of the bivalves. This is a most hopeful sign of the times, and shows that the local authorities are at last waking up to the warnings, repeated and strong, which science has given concerning the absolute danger which attends the consumption of oysters laid down in beds to which water polluted by sewage is liable to gain access. The deputations from provincial towns and the London County Council which waited upon Mr. Chaplin complained that there exists no legal power to prevent the sale of oysters or other shellfish within the districts over which they preside, even if the shellfish are known to have been taken from contaminated sources, or even if typhoid fever has followed their consumption. Mr. Chaplin's reply was hopeful in its tone, and we may therefore speedily see this anomaly of the law corrected. Personally, I should have imagined that the Public Health Acts would have included the case of the contaminated oysters as foods decidedly injurious to health.

But doubtless there are legal difficulties in the application of the Acts to this special point. All the same, I do not see why oysters should remain outside the stringent provisions which deal with injurious and unsound foods at large. Butcher meat which is unsound is very speedily seized and disposed of. Why should oysters polluted with typhoid fever germs be treated more leniently by Acts regulating our food supplies than unsound meat? But, as I have said, I am unable to say more on this point, being unacquainted with the legal subtleties of the case. We may rejoice, at least, in the prospect of speedy protection from typhoid-laden oysters; and I hope mussels and cockles will be included in Mr. Chaplin's little list. These shellfish are every whit as liable to convey typhoid as oysters—more so, perhaps, for they are not cultivated with the attention paid to the superior bivalve, although, no doubt, the process of cooking them may rob them of some of their injurious properties.

Professor Dewar's recent lecture on liquid air employed to produce a temperature of exceedingly low degree, said to be  $-210^{\circ}$  deg., was an extremely interesting recital of the results of experimentation in fields formerly untilled by physicists. It appears that the atmospheric constituents argon and helium were obtained in considerable amounts from the gases of a hot spring at Bath. Here the temperature is  $115^{\circ}$  deg. Fahr. This water yields, in twenty-four hours, 250 cubic feet of gas, consisting mostly of nitrogen, but containing about one part of helium in the thousand. The helium was not liquefied at the temperature of liquid air, and was therefore collected as a gas. The argon was frozen by liquid air into a solid mass, which was transparent and colourless. It must have been curious to see liquid air handed about in an ordinary tin saucepan. The air resembled water in appearance, but had a bluish tinge. It gradually evaporated without any effervescence or disturbance. If allowed to fall on water, the liquid air freezes it at once. Researches of this kind, involving as they do the employment of special apparatus, and the advance into absolutely new areas of investigation, must command our admiration. They open up possibilities in the way of knowledge of physical conditions and laws such as may reveal to us ideas regarding the constitution of the universe, altering all our notions of the external universe. It is research of this kind which may solve problems connected with the original condition of our planet, or even aid us in forming adequate notions of the state of its interior—matters regarding which much nebulous thought at present prevails.

I observe that an exhibition of appliances devoted to the production of acetylene gas will shortly be held in London. One of the special points to be solved in connection with this exhibition is the question of the safety of such appliances. Acetylene gas is not a thing to be played with, and may explode under pressure with fearful force. Before it is allowed to come into general use, it is eminently desirable that a very full and explicit exposition of the nature of the gas itself, of its mode of production, and of the special precautions which require to be taken to render accidents unlikely of occurrence, should be given. The gas is generated from calcium carbide, a substance which can now be readily produced by electrical action; and acetylene is, in turn, evolved when the carbide is allowed to come in contact with water. The bicycle acetylene lamp consists essentially of a container holding the carbide, so that when water is added the gas comes off, and can be used as a brilliant illuminating medium. What is required for safety here is some means of producing the acetylene at a much slower rate than is natural in an arrangement of this kind. The gas is given off very quickly, and an excess of gas, it is pointed out, implies danger. The sooner, therefore, clear and definite information concerning acetylene and the precautions to be observed in its use is imparted the better will it be for the public safety at large.

Among the new books of the day which stand out pre-eminently as being of interesting nature, that by Sir W. H. Flower, K.C.B. (Macmillans), may be specially mentioned. The work is entitled "Essays on Museums and Other Subjects Connected with Natural History," but the extreme interest of the work is not revealed by its title. In addition to its constituting an exposition of what museums may accomplish in the way of public education, Sir W. Flower's volume contains essays of extreme interest to all who desire and value a knowledge of natural history subjects, while it also presents appreciations of the life-work of Owen, Darwin, Huxley, and Rolleston. The articles on "Whales" are specially clear, and the papers on Evolution are equally convincing in their tone. The illustrated article on "Fashion in Deformity" might instruct our womenfolk in the evolution of certain of the unhealthy habits modern life exhibits, and the anthropology of the volume is otherwise a masterly production.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

M A Bishop.—We have to make a rule that all emendations be on a fresh diagram. Kindly send us one.  
A G FELLOWS (Wolverhampton).—We are much obliged.  
H M PRIDEAUX (Bristol).—The game shall have our careful consideration.  
N HARRIS.—We are pleased to have your contribution, and trust to find it equal to its first impressions.

E J H (Hackney).—Some of the games were too tedious, and others not interesting enough.  
C W (Surrey) and W PERRY HIND.—Would you oblige us with another copy of your problems, as the originals were accidentally destroyed?

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2803 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 2810 from Bertie (Singapore); of No. 2811 from C A M (Penang); of No. 2812 from W R James (Bangalore); of No. 2813 from Nikhulnath Maitra (Chinsurah, Bengal); of No. 2816 from Hereward, C E Perugini, and D Newton (Lisbon); of No. 2817 from Joseph Cook, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C M A B, H J Plumb (Wotton-under-Edge), Edward J Sharpe, and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2818 received from Hereward, Joseph Wilcock (Chester), C E M (Ayr), J L Short (Exeter), J L E P (Bexhill-on-Sea), Alpha, Edward J Sharpe, J Hall, John G Lord (Castleton), Henry Orme (Bristol), O Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge), C M A B, F Watkins (Bristol), T G Ware, Shadforth, L Bevan, R Worters (Canterbury), Sorrento, Charles Baker, E B Ford (Cheltenham), F J Gundy (Norwood), Mr. Wilson (Plymouth), Julius Richter (Brunn), Dr F St, W R B (Clifton), H Le Jeune, G Hawkins (Camberwell), T Roberts, C E Perugini, Tom Ernest Rol s (High Wycombe), E Bacon (Finchley), Edith Corser (Reigate), J Bailey (Newark), O B Robinson, G H Bawden (Reigate), W d A Barnard (Uppingham), F Hooper (Putney), S Davis (Leicester), Captain Spencer, and F R Pickering.

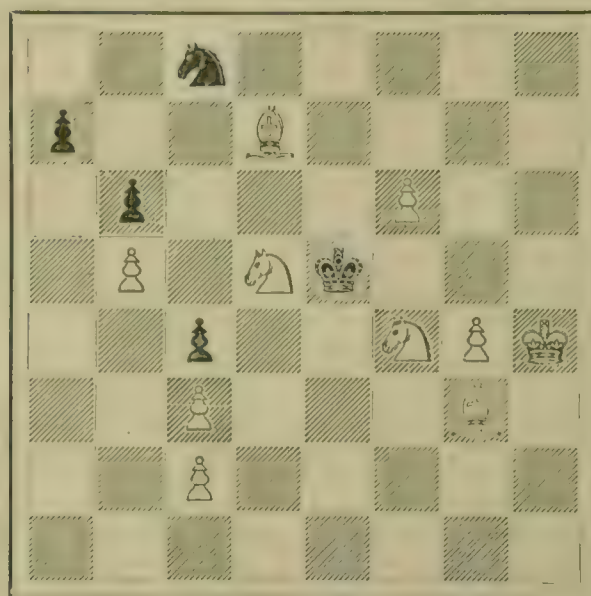
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2817.—By F. LIDDY.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to B 4th Kt takes Kt  
2. B to Q 3rd (ch) K takes Kt  
3. Q mates.

If Black play 1. Kt to B 3rd; 2. Kt takes Kt (ch); and if 1. K to B 4th; then 2. Q to Q 7th (ch); and 3. Q or K mates.

PROBLEM No. 2820.—By E. W. BURNELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at the Brooklyn Chess Club between Messrs. W. G. NAPIER and P. J. MARSHALL.

(Queen's Gambit Irregular.)

WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	10. R to Q sq	B to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 4th	11. Q to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd
A counter demonstration favoured by some, but the sacrifice is hardly sound against the best play, seeing that it leaves Black's centre weak.			
3. P takes K P	P to Q 5th	12. Kt to Kt 3rd	B takes Kt
4. P to Q R 3rd		13. Kt P takes B	K Kt takes P
Obviously the check would be inconvenient.			
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. B takes Kt	Kt takes B
6. K to K B 4th	R to K Kt 5th	15. Q to K 4th	Castles
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd	K Kt to K 2nd	16. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
8. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q R 4th	17. R takes P	Kt takes P (ch)
9. Q to Kt 3rd		This unexpected stroke appears fatal in any case. The finish is most creditable to Black.	
White must obtain freedom in some way, but this proves unsatisfactory, as he dare not in the following move capture the Q Kt P, on account of the reply R to Kt 3rd.			
10. R to R 3rd		18. P takes Kt	R to K 3rd
		19. R to Q 5th	R takes Q (ch)
		20. P takes R	Q to K 2nd
		21. B to Q 3rd	P to K B 4th
		22. P to K 5th	P to Q B 3rd
		23. R takes P	Q to Q sq
		White resigns.	

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between the Birmingham and North London Chess Clubs.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. Sherrard.)	BLACK (Mr. Hoole.)	WHITE (Mr. Sherrard.)	BLACK (Mr. Hoole.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. P to Kt 3rd	B to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 5th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	18. Kt to K 4th	Q takes P
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	It is not safe to win the Pawn, which is the leading idea of Black's play. The play now proves full of interesting points, and is finely conducted by White.	
5. Castles	B to K 2nd	19. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to R sq
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. Q to Kt 5th	Q to R 6th
7. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	21. R to K 6th	B to R 4th
8. R to K sq	Q to B 4th	22. R to R 4th	B to Kt 3rd
9. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	A clever but unavailing defence against White's powerful attack.	
10. Kt takes P	Castles	23. Kt takes P	B takes Kt
11. Q Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	24. K to R 2nd	P to B 3rd
12. Kt to B 5th		25. Q to Kt 5th	P to Kt sq
13. Q to B 3rd	B takes B	26. R takes B	Q to K 2nd
14. Q R takes B	Kt to Q 5th	27. P to K 6th	
It would apparently have been better to play Kt to Kt 4th, followed by R takes Kt.			
15. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	Very effective and conclusive. The mate is forced.	
		28. Q to R 5th	P to K B 4th
			Resigns.

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

## OUR STATION-MASTER.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

Our Station-Master is not perhaps what is termed a fine figure of a man, but height or breadth could add nothing to his importance. He is something of a despot, too: ordinary passengers address him nervously, the vicar shakes hands with him, the lady of the manor smiles at him in an ingratiating way and inquires (the artful woman) after the baby. Farmers, consumed with indignation on some charge for demurrage of trucks, have been known on seeing Our Station-Master to retire meekly, not daring to interrupt his meditations. He has an inner office of his own, to which on rare occasions you may be invited, and there, if he be in an expansive mood, he may tell you of some correspondence with headquarters, conducted on his part with infinite dexterity and on the part of the General Manager's clerks with clumsiness: a duel from which he has emerged, I need hardly say, with great honour.

"They mustn't try to browbeat me," says Our Station-Master dully.

Our Station-Master's first duty after despatching his cash-bag and his daily report is to absorb the contents of his morning journal; this done, he is armed and ready to take the political field at any moment. Passengers who are privileged by his friendship receive from him an epitome of the news of the day, coloured by his natural Conservatism and his position in the ranks of Capital. He has but a poor opinion of the House of Commons; at the London County Council he scoffs freely. (It is not generally known that the celebrated *mot* to the effect that the letters "L.C.C." stood for "London Chattering Cacklers" was, as a matter of fact, the invention and the property of Our Station-Master.) On minor subjects his attitude is no less decided. I have heard him criticise the wording of a *Punch* joke, and he said something on a certain evening about modern fiction that I do not care to repeat here. The vicar once expressed some surprise at the excellence of the work in illustrated journals.

"Oh," said Our Station-Master lightly, "it's easy enough—once you get the knack of it."

His power in the village is so great that I am sure if we were called upon to return a member of Parliament he would come out on the poll well above the schoolmaster. You get evidence of this on Sunday evenings when, church being over, the responsible inhabitants come down to the station to see the down train arrive and the up train depart. Note the young man approach him.

"Any objection, Mas'r, to me going on the platform with my young 'ooman?"

Watch Our Station-Master give gracious permission; watch, too, his dignified attitude as, the trains having been successfully dealt with, the villagers bid him a respectful good-night. At that moment he is hand-in-hand with Fame.

He knows the last word about roses, and passengers to whom he presents one from the standard bushes on the platform wear it proudly as though it were a prize for virtue. He has his own way of pronouncing the names, and I shall not easily forget the abasement of a foolish commercial traveller who dared to point out that Glo-wild-dee Die-john was not the commonly accepted mode of describing a certain rose.

"I beg your pardon," said Our Station-Master coldly. "I've grown 'em for the last five-and-twenty years, and I think I ought to know."

I should be sorry for it to be thought that Our Station-Master has no sense of humour. Any such idea is dispelled when one sees him play with a nervous and flustered passenger who demands confusedly at the little wooden window a ticket for Our Station-Master's own station. Here long practice has made Our Station-Master adroit.

"By all means," says Our Station-Master. "Nothing easier."

"How much, Sir?"

"Well, we shan't charge you anything for that little journey. We're paying a very good dividend, and—"

"That's very extraordinary," says the gratified passenger. "What time's the next train?"

"The next train to the place you mention," replies Our Station-Master facetiously, "is, I'm sorry to say, gone."

"But," inquires the puzzled confused applicant, "isn't there one before the next—what I mean to say is that, couldn't I catch one by changing—?"

When Our Station-Master has played long enough with the flurried passenger he explains the joke, and the passenger, if he be a wise person, laughs as naturally as he can; if he be not wise he becomes sulky, and to show his annoyance goes and gets into the wrong train. Our Station-Master is very satirical about people who go astray or pass their destinations in travelling. He once told a county cricketer who did this that the county cricketer ought to have had a nurse to look after him! Similarly, when from daring passengers there are complaints of delays Our Station-Master listens to them stolidly until the plaint is concluded; then he says in his caustic manner, "I wonder, Sir, you didn't come by stage-coach," thus neatly and, as it were, by innuendo, reminding of the improvements that modern days have brought.

Our Station-Master only upbraids his porter and his office-boy when an audience is near. Passengers being within earshot, he is a very martinet, and you hear his commanding voice, "Barker, why on earth aren't these hand-lamps cleaned?" and "Perry, your abstract's simply a disgrace to civilisation!" and phrases of like condemnatory import. But, the audience being absent, Our Station-Master will conspire amiably with the porter on the best means of getting an increase in the porter's salary: will chat reminiscently with the office-boy on the days when he himself was but a lad and had no thought of reaching the proud position which is now his. Going indoors, Our Station-Master in the sitting-room trots around on all fours affecting to be a camel in order to make the new baby laugh; in the kitchen he pretends that his wife is a pretty housemaid and he a dashing amative young chef, craving the favour of her hand in marriage.

And I think I know many men who, like Our Station-Master, have two faces, and who should for that reason thank Heaven every day of their life.





THE EPSOM SPRING MEETING: SKETCHES ON THE CITY AND SUBURBAN DAY.



## SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE BURNED DOWN.

The destruction by fire of the Metropolitan Tabernacle at Newington Butts, famous for thirty years as the centre of the late Mr. Charles Haddon Spurgeon's ministry, has removed what was undoubtedly a landmark in the spiritual life of many thousands of that great preacher's followers. Shortly after noon on April 20 a fire was found to have broken out within the building—originated, it is thought, in an overheated flue, and though some dozen fire-engines were quickly on the spot under Commander Wells himself, the flames had so rapidly enveloped the structure that within half an hour of the alarm the roof fell in, and in less than another two hours only the outer shell of the great building remained. The records and deeds of the chapel, together with its communion plate and a few other valuables, were rescued from the vestry, but all else associated with the famous preacher's long pastorate within the great building generally known by his name was reduced to a mere heap of charred debris. Fortunately, the flames were prevented from spreading to the adjacent buildings, though considerable alarm was experienced by their occupants, and Jubilee House, erected by Mr. Spurgeon's congregation to commemorate the fiftieth year of his life, remains intact. In the Conference Hall of this younger block of buildings erected beneath the protection of the more famous Tabernacle, a meeting of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association was being held, with the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon in the chair, when the alarm of fire was given, and in the lecture-room beneath the great chapel the annual supper in connection with this Conference was being prepared. At this supper it is the custom for each guest to make a contribution of money to the funds of the Pastors' College. A photograph here reproduced shows the appearance of the tables, already spread, after the flames had done their relentless work. The Tabernacle, which was the largest chapel in the United Kingdom, cost upwards of £31,000, but so great was the zeal of Mr. Spurgeon's congregation that when it was opened there was no debt upon the building. Of unpretending architecture, the Tabernacle aimed primarily at the seating of as large a congregation as could possibly be brought together within its walls, and the seats on floor and galleries alike were so arranged that the pulpit or platform and its occupant were to be seen by every one of the preacher's hearers. The foundation-stone was laid by Sir Samuel Morton Peto in August 1859, and in the spring of 1861 the new chapel was opened with a series of daily services extending over a period of five weeks. In the first of these Sir Henry Havelock, of Indian Mutiny fame, took a prominent part. Mr. Spurgeon preached his last sermon on June 7, 1891, from the pulpit from which he had exercised a far-reaching influence for thirty years, and since his death in the ensuing January his pastorate has been carried on by his son, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon. The hapless end of the

famous building recalls that of Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, which was burned down some years ago. It is a curious fact that "Old Moore's Almanack" for the current year contains a prophecy which assigns to the

Sunday last at all the services of the day. In the evening a special service of thanksgiving was held, at which the sermon was preached by Canon Shuttleworth.

The Welsh Church weekly newspaper, *Y Llan*, has been



Photo Russell and Sons.

SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE. DESTROYED BY FIRE.

month of April the destruction by fire of a famous edifice. For the thousands to whom the news of the disaster has brought keen regret, no new Tabernacle can quite replace the building now destroyed. The usual services of the Tabernacle were held on Sunday last at Exeter Hall, where Mr. Spurgeon's congregations were wont to assemble late in the 'fifties between their preacher's early association with New Park Street Chapel and his subsequent return to the Surrey side.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church of St. Matthew, City Road, was opened just fifty years ago, and its jubilee was celebrated on

discontinued. The Welsh Church Press Company is not yet in a position to issue it, and it is feared that a considerable interval must elapse before they can start it on its new basis. There is, however, a great desire among Churchmen in Wales that Church newspapers should be published and circulated.

On Thursday in last week, April 21, Dr. James Martineau, the veteran Unitarian preacher and writer, celebrated his ninety-third birthday; and within the same week the Rev. Robert Collins, of Norwood, was ninety-six.

The Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Bickersteth, is to be presented with his portrait in oils to celebrate the fiftieth year of his ordination. The proposal that such a portrait should be painted has been received with marked cordiality, both within and without the diocese.

The aged Bishop of Liverpool continues in good health. He is a native of Macclesfield, and is to visit that town on May 2 to preach the last of the farewell sermons at St. Michael's Old Church prior to its closing for extensive restoration and improvement.

The new Bishop of Bombay is a firm friend of foreign mission work, and is warmly sympathetic with the British and Foreign Bible Society. Although not much known outside his local circle, he is believed to be fully competent for the arduous position to which he has been called.

Dean Maclure has rebuked Canon Knox Little for denouncing the practice of evening communion. Canon Knox Little declared that the practice encouraged religious laziness.

The Bishop of Lincoln suggests a great national subscription for a Gordon Hospital at Khartoum, to be worked by Christian doctors and Christian nurses, and to be open to every suffering creature in the district.

The *Record*, discussing the case of Mr. Kensit, says that "We are come to a period in which discipline within the Church seems to be at an end. Can this continue with safety to the Church? We disclaim any wish to make alarming statements, for it must surely be obvious that it cannot. Already in some quarters patience is almost exhausted at the spectacle on the one hand of faithful clergy being harried for celebrating the Lord's Supper in the evening, and on the other of men being permitted with absolute impunity to use in churches the rites, ceremonies, and vestments of the Roman Church. There are signs that even among High Anglicans the danger is at last felt." The *Record* suggests that Bishops should not promote advanced ritualists. The *Church Times* says: "Probably the ceremony of venerating the Cross will, in consequence of Mr. Kensit's noisy protest, be observed in a great many more places next year, whether it is wise or not to revive a service so liable to be misunderstood." V.



Photo Thill and Co.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE: THE REMAINS OF THE SUPPER PREPARATIONS IN THE LECTURE-HALL.



## THE MOST PERFECT RIFLE IN THE WORLD.

This is the description which has been applied, both by eminent military experts and famous sportsmen, to the original Lee-Metford rifle, for the right to use which in our Army and Navy only her Majesty's Government paid, some five or six years ago, £50,000. Since then there have been invented the Lee "Turnbolt" and the Lee "Straight-pull" rifles, the latter of which has been recently adopted by the United States Government for its Navy. The pattern selected by the United States Government is of .236 calibre, and at a velocity of 2460 ft. per second the bullet, at a range of 15 ft., will pass through sixty-two pine-boards each seven-eighths of an inch thick! The "Straight-pull" weighs 2 lb. less than the Lee-Metford, and has only twenty-eight parts as compared with the latter's fifty-seven parts. With the use of the Parkhurst and Lee Cartridge-Clips an expert can fire upwards of fifty shots per minute from the "Straight-pull"; and the rifle itself can be manufactured and sold at a profit for £3 per rifle. Both the Lee "Turnbolt" and the Lee "Straight-pull" are easily kept in order by a soldier or sportsman, and the firing system can be quickly taken to pieces and put together again by a soldier without tools. The "clip" referred to is a simple invention for holding cartridges together in columns of five or more, thus enabling the magazine of the rifle to be fully charged by one action in the time now occupied over a single cartridge. The simplicity and cheapness of production of these rifles make it highly probable that they will be adopted by all Governments sooner or later. For the use of the Lee Clip the United States Government are now paying three shillings per hundred royalty, so that we need not enlarge on the great value of this invention.

It is not so very long ago that all foreign Governments had to come to England for their small arms. At present, however, we can do very little more than make the rifles which we require for our own use, for there are only two small-arms factories in the United Kingdom. Orders pour in from abroad and cannot be executed within the requisite time limit. In this emergency there has

been formed the Lee-Metford Small Arms and Ammunition Company, Limited, with a share capital of £350,000 and a debenture issue of £50,000 at 4½ per cent. This undertaking will acquire upwards of fifty patents and applications for patents for the Lee-Metford Magazine rifle, the Lee Arms Company's Turnbolt rifle, the Lee Straight-pull rifle, the Parkhurst and Lee Cartridge-Clips, the Magazine Cut-off, the Improved Cartridge-

Extractor, the Double-Column Magazine, and the Magazine Cartridge-Indicator. At suitable premises in Birmingham, the home of the gun trade, the company will begin operations within six months, and there can hardly be a doubt that a highly successful future awaits this enterprise, more especially in these fighting times. The guns have been exhibited at Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow within the past few days, and have received highly flattering testimonials from hundreds of experts and sporting authorities; and this week they were to be submitted to some of the highest military authorities in France. Among the directors of the company are Sir Roger T. Goldsworthy, K.C.M.G., well known as a former Colonial Governor; Captain Chaloner, M.P.; Colonel F. Hill, formerly assistant managing director of Kynoch's, Limited; and other gentlemen of technical experience.

In one case last year, had the Birmingham Small Arms Company been able to supply, promptly, 30,000 Lee-Metford Rifles, they would have secured an order for 100,000 Lee-Metfords, with seven months allowed for the completion of the contract. An order for 50,000 Lee-Metford Rifles, quite recently offered, could not be taken because they could not be turned out as quickly as our Continental rivals could supply a competing rifle. An order for the United States for 100,000 rifles, for delivery at the rate at which it is proposed that the forthcoming company shall manufacture them, could now be obtained by the Birmingham Small Arms Company, which, however, will not undertake to complete the order under two years! The new Lee-Metford Company is arranging to equip a factory which will turn out three times as many rifles as can now be supplied to meet foreign requirements by all the existing British small-arms factories. In short, the promoters of the new enterprise are determined that Birmingham shall once again be in a position to compete with the great Continental establishments in the supply of magazine rifles and other firearms. The shares of every military small-arms factory are at a considerable premium; and in the present case an annual output of only 30,000 rifles would insure a dividend of 10 per cent.

Lee-Metford Cartridge.



Lee Clip, loaded with Lee-Metford Cartridges.

Parkhurst Clip.

Parkhurst Clip, loaded with Lee-Metford Cartridges.



Lee-Metford Rifle, with Magazine open for the Insertion of Cartridges Singly.

Lee Turnbolt Rifle, showing Six Cartridges being Inserted into Magazine at One Time by Lee Clip.

Lee Straight-Pull Rifle, showing Five Cartridges being Inserted into Magazine at One Time by Parkhurst Clip.

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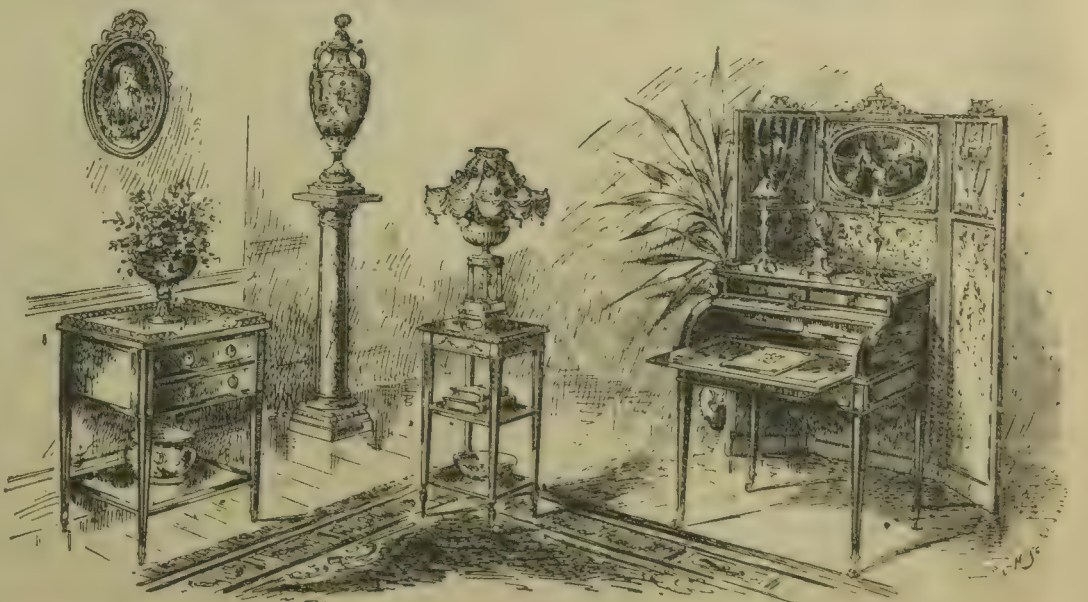
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Small Table, Louis XVI, marble top, shelves fine caned, painted pale green, with compo. ornament, 15 in. by 11 in. by 30 in. high, £6 10s.  
Table Lamp, Gilt, Shades, from 8s. 9d.

Pedestal, fine onyx, with brass mount, 3 ft. 7 in. high, £9 10s.  
Bureau, Louis XVI, cylinder fall, marble top, 2 ft. 1½ in. wide, 14 in. deep, 3 ft. 2½ in. high, £8 17s. 6d.

Screen, antique gilt Louis XVI, three fold, old brocade in lower panels, coloured print in centre top panels, 5 ft. 3 in. high, 21 Guineas.

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## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESSES.

The glass of Paris fashion reflects foulard as our only vogue of the immediate future, and from cuffed and collared morning wear to the pronounced elaborations of afternoon, *toujours foulard* may still be taken as the motto of the modiste. Colour combinations of the most motley and fantastic, which swear horribly in satin, stuff, or brocade, lie down in peaceful picturesqueness on the



AN ELEGANT COSTUME FOR EARLY SUMMER.

foulard; and some infinitely extravagant patterns which have just arrived from Paris are also persuasively pretty enough to lead one into buying half a dozen dresses together. In no other material, besides, do the endless flounces, the miniature ruffings and ruches with which we surround ourselves just now, look nearly so well as in foulard. An especially pretty gown, done in a large Paisley-patterned green and white, with tiny black velvet lines edging flounce and frill, was one of the successes of Friday's Sandown.

The drooping hat-brim is a notable revival of the moment, and, contrary to all one's pronounced ideas as derived from unlovely fashion-plates of the past, renders itself most becomingly on modern love-locks—all the more when slightly tilted by means of a half-shown cachepeigne of flowers. In Paris models many of these down curving mushroom-shaped brims are furthermore covered with fine lace, which still more softens the shady line above our faces.

It has been said in defence of our greatly varying climate that there is, at all events, not a day in the three hundred and sixty-five when one may not go out of doors in England, and this, with reservations, may be well admitted. As a rider to the sentiment I should feel inclined to add that there is not a day when at some hour the sheltering graces of a wrap of some sort may not be needed. The difficulty of the smart and seasonable in this garment has been particularly great this spring, when capes *pur et simple*, however useful, were *démodé*, and the jacket did not exactly meet the go-between requirements of the wrap. A little visit, as we have grown to call it, of the kind illustrated is extremely useful, particularly as a mid-season garment. In dove-grey cloth, with applications of white cloth or satin which are bound with a narrow grey and silver braid of darker shade, the effect is extremely good. The collar lining and waistband may be done either in dark grey satin or equally well in pale green or heliotrope, a distinctive contrasting note at neck and waist of some positive colour being much in the rule of present French fashions. This rose-girdled crown and drawn white chiffon brim under black Chantilly accounts for an attractive version of the new hat in the sketch besides.

Evening dresses are occupying a considerable share of attention just now, with balls and squashes and endless dinners in perspective. Embroidered chiffon, spangled net, and appliquéd grenadines are largely employed over silks in the newest dresses. A last innovation is that two shades are worn on the yoked skirt of fashion—a full cream, for instance, in the upper part, while a buttercup yellow is used for the fully gored flounce; or I have seen a well-bestowed skirt with yoke of pale blue satin and joined flounce of mauve, the whole covered with a lovely white lace over-dress, around the edge of which alternate chiffon ruches in both colours showed acceptably. The mauve bodice of this dress was very fully pouched in front but tight at back, a mode which is almost universally accepted

in smart gowns of the moment. Except for dancing, round skirts are not found in the evening bill, trains, whether long, demi, or only semi-demi, being generally in evidence. Many even quite elaborate dinner-gowns are made comparatively high at the neck and with long lace sleeves, some of which are exceedingly handsome.

With fine weather, fêtes and other outdoor diversions will quickly follow, and especial magnificence in *plein air* effects are being prepared for this season's frolickings. May generally reinstates the garden-party in our midst; and for such occasions, and the early summer race meetings, this specially designed gown will be found to contain some not unworthy ideas. It is *en Princesse*, the style so suitable to stately figures, and beneath the yoke of lace laid over ivory-silk are puffings of white chiffon, divided by lines of bébé black velvet, sewn on in curves. The Princesse apron of shot green and white silk in that pale shade which the French modiste, prolific of words, calls "onion-heart," is met by flounces of white chiffon over silk, each one edged with a double row of the tiny black velvet. A toque of pink roses and black Chantilly over white tulle appropriately crowns a beautiful creation. Two upstanding black feathers show at one side, the parasol of white silk and lace with rose-pink chiffon lining freely puffed, adds its quota of elegance to the whole.

Leaving the wardrobe for the store-closet, I am reminded that the gentle graces of a new toilet-soap, poetically calling itself "the Starlight," have been presented to the consideration of the fair lately. Being foster-sister to the sturdy "Sunlight Soap," beloved of every household, I was encouraged to hope for the ideal of the washstand, and indulged in a box forthwith. Nor did a trial depress those expectations, as ancient philosophy and modern experience would, broadly speaking, lead one, even saponaceously speaking, to forecast. The Starlight toilet-soap is not only pleasant in use from its delicate perfume and smooth texture, but is, moreover, very soothing to the skin, so often buffeted and scarified in this east-wind ridden climate. Messrs. Lever Brothers, of Port Sunlight, Cheshire, in introducing the Royal Starlight toilet-soap to householders, have, therefore, undoubtedly conferred one further benefit on this well-bestowed generation.

From store-cupboard to dower-chest in natural sequence brings another important matter under notice at this time of spring cleaning and general renovation—namely, our linen-closets; for sheets will show bald spots and napkins will wear thin, like our crowns after first youth. Irish linen, with many foreign aspirants to its fame, yet stands unrivalled, and since Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver came to town, and are, so to speak, more than ever "on the spot," there is no necessity for going far afield for dainty napery. Many have, no doubt, seen the magnificent "trousseau" prepared by them for Mr. Howard Gould's new yacht *Niagara*. Every part of it, even to the crochet *entre deux* and edgings of the tea-cloths, so fine that it deceives one into thinking it point lace, has been made in Ireland. Even the dainty boxes in which delicately woven sheets, elaborately embroidered pillow-covers and bed-spreads, and all the rest of this truly enviable outfit are laid, have been manufactured across the Channel. While particularly noticeable is the purity of colour, due to the special system of sun and air bleaching for which all Irish linen and damask have long been justly famous.—SYBIL.

## NOTES.

Lady Jeune, writing in one of the magazines, complains that the elderly woman has disappeared; there are old women and young women, but the middle-aged one of more ancient times—she who had lost her looks and expected no attention in society, if, indeed, she went out at all except as a chaperon—has vanished. We are all young now till we are old. It is quite true, and is it not a good thing? To look at Leech's or anybody's pictures of the old style of dress for "matrons" is almost a sufficient explanation of the premature age of our grandmothers. Caps that covered up their pretty hair as if they were already bald, with bunches of flowers against the cheeks that destroyed the outline of the face, round and depressed shoulders and flat-chested puffings to the bodices, and a complete distinction between the young and the middle-aged styles, naturally made women over thirty-five old before their time. I believe the reform in this custom is due above all things to the Princess of Wales. Perennial youth and ever-increasing prettiness are her more than royal portion; and with such a model before them why should middle-aged women become dowdy and elderly?

No doubt the more rational life of the modern woman has also something to do with the change: the increased possibility and popularity of outdoor exercise, the lighter and more freely ventilated bed-chambers and drawing-rooms, and, above all, the wider and more varied intellectual interests that the woman who has grown into maturity in the last quarter of a century enjoys over those of her immediate predecessors, all count to her advantage. It is a great mistake to suppose that activity of brain or sane and sensible "excitement" of the mind is a cause of ill-health. The intellectual classes are amongst the best lives, and this is as true for women as for men. And innumerable instances might be cited, but just as illustrations remember only Harriet Martineau's seventy-six years and Mary Somerville's ninety-two: the great mathematician writing a year before her death, "I have every reason to be thankful that my reason is still unimpaired, and my daughters, by incessant care and help, make the infirmities of age so light to me that I am perfectly happy"; while the political leader declared a year before her passing, "I am perfectly content with what has come to me in life by means of my brain, which is worth all the rest of us." So it is, and the cultivation of wide interests, and habits of reasoning and learning over something fresh—socially, morally, or scientifically—of the world around us is to be recommended as a youth-preserving resource. The brain, indeed, is the true source of vitality.

The National Union of Women Workers are moving in certain matters, as they believe for the benefit of other women, but, as is so often the case, it seems to me, as a lover of freedom, that they are interfering with matters that had better be left to the individuals concerned. Thus, they are raising protest against the employment of girls as "sandwich men," or street-advertisement carriers. Of course, it is in some respects an obviously undesirable employment for girls; but, on the other hand, it is preferable to many occupations in which girls are engaged. Again, the Union is strongly pressing on a Bill for the Registration of Midwives, which would prohibit all women who have not got a certificate from attending on other women in their hour of need. What mischief will be worked by this measure in the depths of the country, where a doctor cannot be got to the poor cottage women! How many honest and capable women will be turned out of their business! And who will be benefited, except those doctors who will get the fees from the moderately well-to-do working people that else would have gone to the midwife? The only measure of real utility would be to provide for the proper education of a class of women for this work, and for the legal use of some name by them alone, so as to *differentiate* such trained and educated practitioners from the unskilled and uncertificated. The effort which the N.U.W.W. are making in Manchester to secure seats for shop assistants, however, is altogether praiseworthy.

A fresh step in France is the appointment of Madame Madeleine Lemaire, the famous flower-painter, to the Government post of Professor of Drawing as applied to plant life, in the Natural History Museum.

Poisoned oysters formed the subject of a deputation to the President of the Local Government Board the other day, and a sympathetic promise was given that some steps shall be taken to rescue the delicious and nutritious bivalve from the obloquy into which it has fallen since the revelations were made of its contented residence in sewage outfalls. The Local Government Board could take action by insisting on local authorities finding some separate place for one or the other of the local products. But, unfortunately, Brightlingsea raises a voice of protest, informing us that but for the central Board itself the oysters of that particular little seaport would ere this have been placed in perfectly sanitary conditions. So long ago as last June, the local Board submitted new drainage plans to the central London authority; not till December did any reply at all arrive, and then it was one suggesting certain changes in the plans. The local Board at once amended the plans, and returned them to be formally passed, and are still waiting a response.

Overwork is offered as the excuse of the Local Government Board, but the fact is that it intermeddles with so many trifling details that it is impossible for it to get the really important work done. A prolonged correspondence has been carried on by the clerks who are called "the Local Government Board" and the Holbeach Board of Guardians on—how to make suet puddings! The great



VISITE OF GREY AND WHITE CLOTH.

central authority has its own recipe, comprising an ounce and a half of suet to a pound of pudding! To compensate for this preposterous domestic cheese-paring, they ordain that two ounces of skimmed milk shall be added. Why should not such absurd trivialities be left to the women guardians? While the central Board is busy over-riding the judgment of practical housewives elected by the rate-payers, it naturally cannot find time to return plans to make our oyster supply reasonably free from typhoid.—F. F.-M.



THE FACT REMAINS THAT THE

"Enjoyed by Millions."

# UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S DELICIOUS TEAS

DIRECT FROM THE GROWERS

ARE ABSOLUTELY

THE FINEST, THE CHOICEST, AND THE BEST,  
IN ALL THE WORLD.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY are Colossal Importers of Tea from the best Tea Gardens in the World, and Supply the Public direct without any intermediate profits whatever.

The Company import none but Teas of the highest class, all of which they purchase for Cash; their out-turn of Tea is stupendous, enabling the Company to supply Teas of the most exquisite flavour, at prices much below those quoted by any other Firm or Company for corresponding quality.

Large stocks of nearly every kind of Tea grown are invariably on hand.

These Teas, after their arrival in England, are Blended by Machinery in the proper proportions on the Company's own Premises, under the direct personal supervision of the Company's Experts. It is only by this scientific blending of numbers of different growths, comprising many varieties of Flavour and Aroma, that perfect liquoring Tea is produced. GROWTHS OF TEA FROM ANY ONE COUNTRY OR DISTRICT DO NOT DRINK WELL ALONE.

United Kingdom Tea Company's name is a Household Word with Tea Drinkers everywhere.

These Teas have been supplied for many years to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, to the House of Commons, to the Imperial Institute, to the London and North-Western Railway Co.'s, the Great Western Railway Co.'s, and the Great Northern Railway Co.'s Hotels; to all the Gordon Hotels; to upwards of a thousand other Hotels; to numbers of Clubs, Colleges, Hospitals, Schools, and Public Institutions; to the leading County Families; and to Hosts of Private Customers everywhere.

The United Kingdom Tea Company's immense Trade has been entirely built up by persistently supplying sterling quality at lowest Import Prices, and by giving their Customers every possible advantage that capital and experience can command.

The Company's Teas are despatched abroad to any part of the World under Bond at Quotations which include all charges for Bonding, Shipping, Packing, Insurance, and Foreign Carriage to destination. Customers Abroad accompanying their Orders with Remittance, have nothing more whatever to pay beyond these Special Rates. Foreign Price List free on application.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S TEAS are used literally by Millions all over the Globe, and are found on the tables of Connoisseurs, from the Imperial Palace to the Peasant's Cottage.

Everyone who knows the luxury of a Delicious Cup of Tea deals with the United Kingdom Tea Company.

The Highest Judges of Tea on the Mincing Lane London Tea Market unanimously agree that all other Teas are entirely eclipsed by the United Kingdom Tea Company's Delicious Teas, an opinion which is amply confirmed by the immense demand for them.

To enable this opinion of Tea Specialists to be fully tested, the United Kingdom Tea Company send Samples free to anyone on application. The public can thus, before purchasing, taste the Teas in their own Households, and judge for themselves. The testimony from all quarters is that on tasting the Teas the superiority in Quality and the very Moderate Prices are at once strikingly apparent. Moreover, the Teas are most economical in use.

As a guide to selection, the Company most strongly recommend their "OOPACK and CACHAR" Blend at 1/6 a lb. as being marvellous value, producing a rich, ripe, full, mellow liquor in the cup; and for those who desire an exquisite Drawing-Room Tea for afternoon use, the Company's "TERRACE TEA," at 2/- a lb., which has for many years been supplied to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and for use in the Members' Refreshment Rooms and on the Terrace of the House of Commons, will be found perfection.

1/-, 1/3, 1/4, 1/6, 1/7, 1/9, & 2/-  
a lb.

DELIVERED CARRIAGE PAID.

Any quantity can be had, but 7, 10, 14, or 20 lb. are packed in Canisters; 40, 65, or 100 lb. in Chests, without Extra Charge.

## UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, Ltd.,

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 12, 1893), with two codicils (dated May 18, 1893, and Feb. 16, 1897), of Mr. John Rylands, J.P., of The Grange, Thelwall, Cheshire, who died on Feb. 24, was proved in London on April 16 by Samuel Field, John Paul Rylands, the nephew, Mark Field, and John James Blackley, four of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £164,297. The testator bequeaths legacies and annuities to executors, coachman, Bertram Rylands, Henrietta Anne de Beer, and Biena de Beer; and there are considerable gifts to, or upon trust for, each of his children. As to the residue of his property he leaves one sixth each to his sons, Edward Glazebrook Rylands and Frank Rylands, and one sixth each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Edith Reynolds, Mrs. Emma Blackley, Miss Mabel Rylands, and Miss Cicely Rylands.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the holograph will (dated March 19, 1897) of Sir Windham Charles James Carmichael Anstruther, Bart., D.L., J.P., M.P. South Lanarkshire 1874-80, of Carmichael House, Thankerton, N.B., who died on Jan. 26, granted to Sir Charles Howard Vincent, M.P., Sir Windham Robert Carmichael Anstruther, Bart., and George Barbour, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on April 13, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £151,906.

The will and codicil (both dated April 8, 1891) of Miss Maria Hulse, of 56, Eaton Square, only daughter of the late Sir Charles Hulse, Bart., who died on Feb. 17, has been proved by Hamilton John Hulse, the nephew, and Miss Caroline Maria Hulse, the niece, the gross value of the personal estate being £122,107. The testatrix gives all her bank stock and Great Indian Peninsular Railway Five per Cent. stock to her nephew, Charles Frederick Hulse; £60 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Michael's (Chester Square) for such charitable and religious purposes as they shall think fit; £200, her pictures, plate, books, jewels, and wearing apparel, an annuity of £600, and the use for life of 56, Eaton Square, with the furniture and contents to her niece, Caroline Maria; £200 to her nephew, Charles Westrow Hulse; £400 to her nephew, Hamilton John Hulse; £500 to her niece, Katherine Charlotte Crichton; £200 to her niece, Mrs. Pleydell Bouverie, and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to the children of her brother Charles and the issue of any deceased child.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. John Collinge, of Spring Hill, Burnley, Lancashire, who died on Feb. 5, intestate, have been granted to James Collinge, the brother and one of the next of kin, the gross value of the estate amounting to £86,223, and the net personal £54,567.

The will (dated March 9, 1895), with a codicil (dated Nov. 22, 1895), of Mr. William Wadham, of 14, Park Lane, W., who died on Dec. 28 last, was proved on April 6 by George Wadham, the brother, Frank Jesser Wadham, and Hugh Davidson Wadham, the nephews, and Charles Frank Andrews, the executors, the value of the personal

estate being £60,581. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £30 to his cousin Emma Langdale; annuities of £50 each to his nieces, Edith Shipley and Sarah Buckland; £100 per annum to his niece Dorothy Wadham for life; £1000 to his nephew Frank Jesser Wadham; the use and enjoyment for life of his premises in Park Lane, with the furniture and contents thereof, to his brother George Wadham; and a few small legacies. He devises Mangolsfield Farm, Gloucester, upon trust, for his brother Edward; and all his interest in Bottoms Farm, Gloucester, to his brother, the Rev. John Wadham. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his nephews, William James, Frank Jesser, and Hugh Davidson, and on the death of the survivor to the eldest son of Frank Jesser Wadham absolutely.

The will (dated April 30, 1895) of Mr. James Robert Laing, of 27, Earl's Court Square, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on April 6, by Mrs. Margaret Laing, the widow, James Robert Laing, the son, and Percy Murly Gotto, the executors, the value of the estate being £56,939. The testator bequeaths £700 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, and a sum of £10,000 is to be held upon trust for her for life, and then divided between all his children; and £200 each to his son James Robert Laing and Percy Murly Gotto. His leasehold premises in Blackfriars Street, Manchester, are to be held upon trust for his son and his family. The residue of his property he leaves as to four tenths thereof upon trust for his wife for life, and the other six tenths, and at the decease of Mrs. Laing, the whole thereof to his six children, the share of his son to be held upon trust for him for life, and then to his children.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1895) of Seymour John Grey, Earl of Wilton, of Heaton Park, Manchester, who died on Jan. 30 last, was proved on April 18 by the present Earl of Wilton, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £48,568. The testator leaves all his property between his son and his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Taylor, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 5, 1894), with a codicil (dated Feb. 20, 1895), of Captain Francis Fortescue, D.L., J.P., Scots Guards, of 75, Eaton Place, who died on Nov. 15, was proved on April 1 by Major Henry Fortescue and Major Francis Alexander Fortescue, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £43,044. Under the powers and provisions of the will of his father, Henry Fortescue, he appoints £28,000 each to his sons Henry and Francis Alexander; £38,000 to his son Hugh Charles, and the balance of the trust funds to his son Henry. He gives an annuity of £80 to his butler; legacies to servants, and specific gifts of jewels and furniture to his three sons. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his son Henry, for life, and then as he shall appoint to his children.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1890) of Mr. John Ramsden Redman, J.P., of Ilworth, Bradford, worsted manufacturer, who died on Sept. 28 last, was proved on April 15 by Percival Redman and John Henry Shackleton

Redman, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £16,161. The testator gives £250 to his daughter, Mary Ann Redman, and a sum of £10,666 is to be held upon trust for her for life and then to her children, and his household furniture and effects between his three children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1896) of Mr. James Payn, of 43, Warrington Crescent, who died on March 25 last, has been proved by Matthias Boyce and Alfred James Emberson, the executors, the value of the estate being £8282 14s. 5d. The testator bequeaths such articles in his house as she may select to his wife; £1000 to his son George Frederick, and £2000 to his son Neville James. The will goes on to say, "Inasmuch as it is the express wish of my dear wife that I should not leave her any portion of my property, I feel compelled to defer to that wish and to refrain from leaving her that which I regard as her due as wife and mother, and inasmuch as I regard my daughters Alicia Isobel Buckle, Lilian Granger, and Madeline Rogers to be well provided for and seemingly secure from adversity, I request each of them to accept the sum of £500 as a token of my affection." The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters Harriet Frances and Jessie.

Miss Ellen Nussey, of Moor Lane, Birkenshaw, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 26, by her will (dated Nov. 20, 1897) bequeaths her furniture and household effects to be sold; the proceeds to be invested, and the income applied in augmentation of the stipend of the curate for the time being of the parish church of Birstall; and after giving some other legacies, leaves the residue of her personal estate to the rector and curate of the parish of Birstall, to be applied by them as they may consider best for the benefit of the poor of the parish. The value of the personal estate amounts to £2641.

The will of Mr. Arthur Raby, of 11, Catherine Place, Bath, late H.B.M. Consul at Riga, who died on Feb. 16, was proved on April 7 by Rear-Admiral Henry James Raby, the brother, and Richard Pennington, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £3849 18s. 4d.

The will of Mrs. Sarah Anne Moxon, of 8, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, widow, who died on Feb. 4, has just been proved by John Hill Gough and Miss Eliza Georgiana Moxon, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £4883 0s. 6d.

It is stated that the American Embassy in London, and the various United States Consulates in the provinces have received many applications for commissions and for ordinary enlistment in both the naval and military forces of the United States since the outbreak of their war with Spain. As a matter of fact, however, neither the diplomatic nor the Consular representatives of America in this country have received any authority for the entertainment of such requests.

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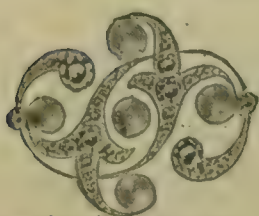
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# A BELIEF in a SUPERNATURAL POWER which has given us A LAW to LIVE BY.

Chemistry cannot tell us why some food is wholesome and other food is poisonous. That food is best for us which best nourishes the body into health and strength; and a belief in a Supernatural Power which has given us a law to live by and to which we are responsible for our conduct has alone, of all the influences known to us, succeeded in ennobling and elevating the character of man.—*Froude.*

**From Dawn till Sunset !! Use is Life, and he most truly Lives who uses Best.**

*Socrates taught that this life could NOT end all.*



PLATO meditating on Immortality before SOCRATES, the BUTTERFLY, SKULL, and POPPY about 400 B.C.

“**AS AN ILLUSTRATION of the BENEFICIAL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,'** I give you particulars of the case of one of my friends. **SLUGGISH LIVER and BILIOUS HEADACHES** so affected him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. **THIS** did NOTHING in EFFECTING a CURE, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting very eminent members of the faculty. **BY THE USE** of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now ENJOYS VIGOROUS HEALTH, has NEVER had HEADACHE or CONSTIPATION since he commenced it, and can partake of his food in a hearty manner. There are others to whom your remedy has been SO BENEFICIAL in various complaints that I think you may very well extend its use *pro bono publico*. I find that it makes a VERY REFRESHING and INVIGORATING drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, VERITAS.” (From the late Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.)

**ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** contains the valuable saline constituents of ripe fruit, and is ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL to the HEALTHY ACTION of the ANIMAL ECONOMY. To travellers, emigrants, sailors, or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the BLOOD is kept PURE and FEVERS and EPIDEMICS PREVENTED.

**IT OUGHT TO BE KEPT IN EVERY BED-ROOM IN READINESS FOR ANY EMERGENCY.**

*Only Truth can give True Reputation. Only Reality can be of Real Profit.*

*THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham.*

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, & FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, & an UNSURPASSED ONE.

**CAUTION.**—Examine bottle and see capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION.

Prepared only by **J. C. ENO, LTD.,** at the '**FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON,** by **J. C. ENO'S PATENT.**

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about washing clothes, and try the SUNLIGHT way; it is easy, clean and economical. Don't let another washing day go by without trying SUNLIGHT SOAP. You will find it does double the work in half the time.

**Less Labour,  
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## A NOTABLE MAN.

On this thirtieth day of April it is just two hundred and two years since Dr. Robert Plott, the celebrated antiquary and historian, died at Sutton Barn, or Sutton Baron, a picturesque old house still standing at Borden, Kent. Although best known nowadays as the author of



ROBERT PLOTT, L.L.D.

works on the natural history of Oxfordshire and Staffordshire, he was in his time a man of many parts and of very considerable scientific eminence. His numerous writings brought him so prominently into notice that in 1677 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and five years later he was chosen secretary of that august and learned body; and upwards of twenty numbers of the "Philosophical

Transactions" were issued under his editorship. Dr. Plott was well known to the scientific and literary characters of his day, and he was on terms of intimate friendship with Pepys and Evelyn. Various honours were conferred upon him, and a special post—that of Mowbray Herald Extraordinary—was made for him at the Herald's College in February 1695. In the same year he retired to the place of his birth amid the pleasant corn-fields and elms at Borden, and here, on April 30, 1696, he died. He was buried in Borden Church, where his memory is perpetuated by a monument erected by his widow. Dr. Plott made considerable additions to the house, but the earlier portion still exists, partially enveloped by an ivy mantle.

## A GARDEN OF DELIGHTS

Shall not the very first flower beside the gateway be the Crown Imperial, dear old Gerard being our warranty for such a choice? For, says he, not "This noble Fritillarie . . . for its statelie beautiffulness deserve the first place in this our Garden of Delight; for in the bottom of each of the Belles there is placet VI. dropps of most clere shining water, in taste lyk Sengar, resembling in shew fair Orient Perles, the which dropps if you take Away, there do immediately appere the lyk. Yet, if they may be suffect to stand still in the Floure according to his

owen Nature, they will never fal away; no, not if you strike the plant until it bee all broken."

As for the cornflower, according to Gerard, "you maie have it in your Garden but not in your Fielde, for indeed



DR. ROBERT PLOTT'S HOUSE, SUTTON BARON, BORDEN, KENT.

it shall hinder you sore at the Reaping-time, by reason of dulling your reapers their scythes. For long since the Antients called it Hurt-sickle." Ah, but let the old herbalist say what he may; "the Antients" called the cornflower by another name. You remember the beautiful

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boy Cyanus, how he used to do worship to Flora, the goddess of summer flowers, and how, knowing not where her altar might be, he would weave garlands of cornflowers and leave them in the cool shadows of ilex and olive-trees, on the chance that Flora might come by the green place where they lie, and know that someone had worshipped her afar off, and ignorantly. Now one day Apollo was in an evil mood, and he sent one sun-shaft after another down on the panting earth, and one of these golden arrows slew Cyanus. Reapers found him lying in the corn-field, grasping an unfinished wreath in his hands, and made so loud lament for him that the goddess Flora heard, in her green solitudes far away, and came to know what ailed the harvesters, though they, indeed, were under Ceres' care. Immortal wits are quick to understand even an unfinished story, and before the reapers' lamentation was done Flora had laid her immortal hands upon the youth, and bidden him arise and live. Oh! not in the shape of flesh and blood, but as a thing of life and strength and beauty that could not know decay or disappointment, rose up—a cornflower among the cornflowers, taller and bluer and stronger than his fellows.

Then beside the blue centaury surely gardener Fancy

will have set for us a plot of those small gold blossoms that country folk call swallow-wort. In Lyte's Herbal, "first set forth in the Almaign tongue in 1578," we hear of the pretty legend of the swallow-herb or great celandine. "As Plinie writeth, it was so first found out by Swallowes, and hath healed their eyes, and given good Sight again to their blind Young." And the lesser celandine, that is no kin to its great namesake, is nevertheless, according to Lyte, a swallow-herb too. "Bycause it only Floureth when the Swallowes come, and withreth again surely when they goe." This smaller flower—whose West-Country name is ficary—is the flower that Wordsworth wrote so gently of—

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises;  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little celandine . . .  
Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
Kindly, unassuming spirit. . .

If you should happen to keep goats the celandine flower may chance to prove useful to you. For, "if you perceive your Goats do droop or look with sad or sullen countenances, it is an assured sign of the Sicknesse. The surest

of cures is to give them to eat of the Buds and Leafs of Celandine, and it is a present Remedio."

And when the time comes for celandines to be gathered to their fathers, and winter and spring touch hands, there shall be grown for us other gold in the swallow-wort's place, even the gold of crocus.

Let Holinshed tell us how the crocus got its name: "A certain yonge gentleman, called Crocuss, went to plaie at quoits in the Fielde with Mercurie, and beeing careless of himself, Mercurie's quoit, by pure mishap, did stroake him on the head, whereby he took a Wounde that slew him, to the grete discomfort of his Friendes. Finallie, in that Place where he dyed, Saffron was seene to grow, whereon People did judge it to come of the bloode of Crocuss, and Gave it his Name." Says Gerard, "Crocuss hath floures of a most perfect shining Yellowe colour, seeming afar off to be a hot burning coal of fire." Surely we must have crocus in our garden both for the sake of "Crocuss" and the "Master in the Isle" who wrote, "And at their feet the crocus brake like fire."

Sweet-smelling herbs we must have in our garden, of course. Principally we will plant sweet basil, which, if you desire it to grow tall, must not be "cutted off with any iron thing, but lopped with your fingers." But



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Others who are less favoured with this world's blessings content themselves with the

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(which, by the way, is an exact facsimile of the Beeston). Some wish to spend even less, either because they cannot afford to indulge their fancies, or, as many say, they really don't ride much, so a Moderate-Priced Reliable Machine is all they want. To these we point out with confidence the

## COVENTRY HUMBER,

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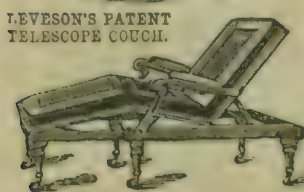


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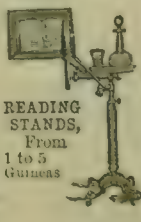


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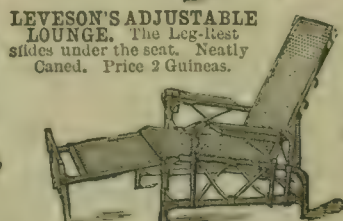
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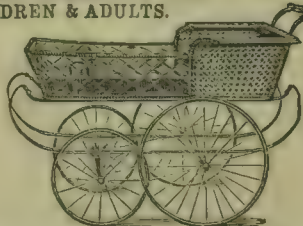


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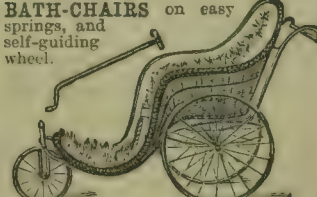
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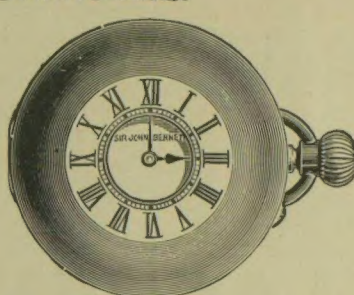
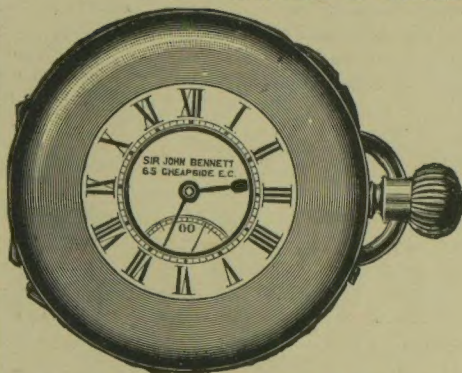
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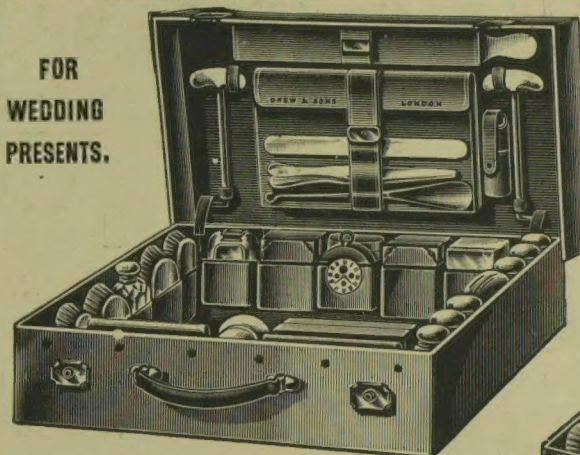
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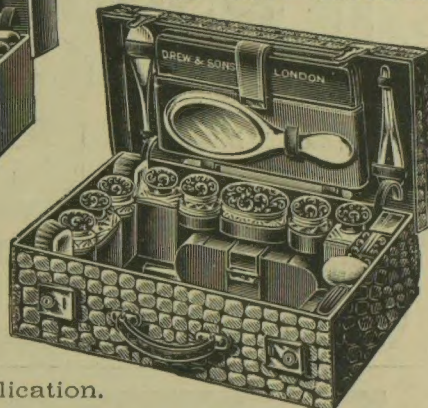
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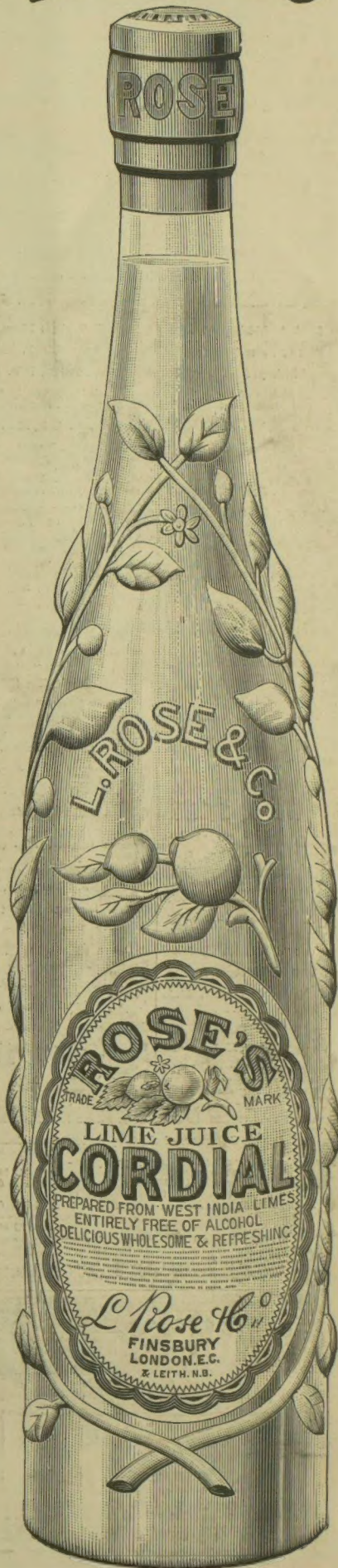
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**COCKLE'S PILLS,**

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

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**'FINEST LIMES IN THE WORLD.'**



if you be unluckily subject to headaches, you must not sow basil in your garden, "for the smell thereof begetteth pain and Heavynesse in the head." Rue we must set under the shadow of a fig-tree, for thus it grows fairest and greenest, "for the warmth and sweetness of the Figg-tree doth temper the sharpe acrimonie of the Rue," and so you shall have it "handie against all seasons for your pleasure, a duteous herb," the herb of grace indeed.

We must have cuckoo-buds, too—"cuckoo-buds of yellow hue"—to paint our meadows with delight. 'Tis not only a pretty flower and a sweet, but poets have grafted new graces upon it; and has not Gerard said that it earned its name long ago by "floureing when the cuckoo beginneth

to sing her pleasant notes without stamm'ring"? And when is that? Mid-April must be the cuckoo-flower's budding-time, I think, between the time when the cuckoo "in April tuneth her bill" and "in May sings all day."

There are many kinds of cuckoo-flowers, by the way; even the wild cranesbill, that has been sacred both to Odin of the North and to Robin Goodfellow, is sometimes known as cuckoo's-meat.

Larkspur lifting turquoise spires  
Bluer than the sorcerer's fires.

This is a very potent flower in witchcraft, this garden larkspur, that some countryfolk call knights spur and giltyheel.

Larkspur laid under your pillow will bring you "good and noble dreams," and this, indeed, is a boon worth asking and having, for are not sick minds as well as sick hearts healed by means of dreams?—

Herb without comfort think thou not of price  
Altho' it be so fair as flowr-de-lice:  
Herb that gives comfort is of herbs the best,  
And patience in herb-patience manifest,  
And joyous durance in the larkspur is exprest.

So, surely, there shall be wealth of larkspur growing close beside the gateway of our "garden delytesom," that you and I, my readers, may fill both hands full of it as we go out from its green ways.

NORA HOPPER.

## FESTIVAL of the SONS of the CLERGY.

Instituted A.D. 1635.

The TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOURTH FESTIVAL will be celebrated, under the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Wednesday, May 11.

Choir of 80 voices and full orchestra.  
Service commences at half-past three with Sir Arthur Sullivan's "In Memoriam."  
Schubert's "Song of Miriam" will be sung.  
The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis will be sung to music by Villiers Stanford in A.  
The LORD BISHOP of STEPNEY will PREACH.  
Handel's Hallelujah Chorus concluding the service.  
The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Archbishops and Bishops, Stewards, &c., will attend.  
The Annual Dinner will take place the same day, at 6 for 6.30 o'clock, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, the Lord Mayor presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, Archbishops, Bishops, Stewards, &c.

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The Lord Bishop of Ripon (third time)  
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The Lord Bishop of Lichfield (second time)  
The Lord Bishop of St. David's (second time)  
The Right Hon. Horatio D. Davies, M.P., Lord Mayor (ninth time)  
The Hon. Mr. Justice Kekewich (fifth time)  
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Sir Mark W. Collet, Bart. (second time)  
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Very Rev. Watkin H. Williams, D.D., Dean of St. Asaph (third time)  
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The Ven. William Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London (fifth time)  
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Rev. Canon William Benham, D.D., M.A.  
Rev. William Hilbert Binney, M.A.  
Rev. Charles C. Collins, M.A. (second time)  
Rev. Robert Finch, M.A.  
Rev. Charles Musgrave Harvey, M.A.  
Rev. Robert Helme, M.A. (second time)  
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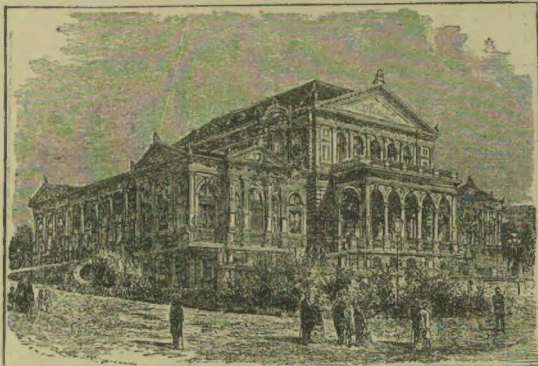
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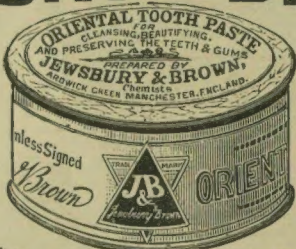
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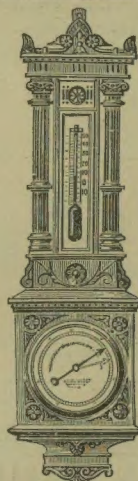
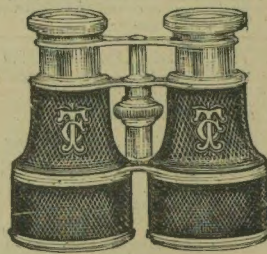
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HITCHINGS, LIMITED have recently had the honour of building the Baby Carriage for the Baby Prince Edward of York, having previously executed orders for H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Prussia, &c.; also the Russian, Danish, Portuguese, and Swedish Royal Families.

HITCHINGS' BABY CARRIAGES from 2 to 25 guineas, and BABY CARS from 15s. 6d. to 10 guineas, are not only the BEST, but also 25 per cent. cheaper than those sold by dealers and stores. A carriage should always be purchased from the actual manufacturer. Inquiries receive prompt and courteous attention. A beautiful Pictorial Price List free on mentioning this paper. Correspondence solicited.

HITCHINGS' "PRINCESS MAY" BABY CARRIAGE IS MOST SUITABLE FOR A CHRISTENING PRESENT, BEING RECHERCHÉ AND UNPROCURABLE ELSEWHERE.

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THIS elegant Baby Car is equally adapted for use as a Reclining Car for a young baby, or a Mail Car for an older child.  
1. It has just been designed.  
2. Runs on four silent wheels.  
3. Small light front wheels.  
4. Very safe, bed being lower than in any other Car.  
5. Hitchings' "Versailles" Cee Springs.  
6. Occupies less space than any other.  
7. Has deep well for legs and feet. No cramping.  
8. Hitchings' Patent "Any Position Hood."  
9. Half the weight of a wood body. Finest cane and ratten.  
10. Cool in summer.  
11. Artistically painted.  
12. Beautifully upholstered in biscuit, biscuit and pale blue, mignonette, green, &c.  
Price as drawn £6 6s. net.





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FOR KITCHEN TABLES AND FLOORS,  
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*For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery,  
Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.*

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS,  
FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

THE MOST ECONOMIC, CONVENIENT,  
& PORTABLE FORM OF SOUP.

**LAZENBY'S**  
**SOUP**  
**SQUARES**

(MULLIGATAWNY, GRAVY, JULIENNE, ETC.)

FOR MAKING FRESH SOUP, OR  
IMPROVING HOME MADE STOCK  
EACH SQUARE WILL PRODUCE

**1½**  
**PINTS**

**OF STRONG**  
**NUTRITIOUS SOUP**

Prepared by  
**E. LAZENBY & SON, LTD 18, Trinity St, LONDON, S.E.**

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FOR INFANTS  
AND INVALIDS



High Street,  
Kingston, Herefs.,  
Nov. 12th, 1897.

Messrs. Mellin's Food,  
Ltd.,

Dear Sirs,— We are  
sending you the photo of  
our boy, taken at nine  
months old, and we can  
honestly testify to the  
merits of Mellin's Food,  
as the baby was weakly  
for the first two months,  
but thrived wonderfully  
directly he was put on  
Mellin's.

Yours faithfully,  
MARION FRYER.

MELLIN'S FOOD WHEN PREPARED IS SIMILAR TO BREAST MILK.  
Samples Post Free from MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.

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Twice Daily in each direction. Day and Night Services. Large, Fast, and Magnificent Paddle Steamers.  
Actual SEA Passage by the New 21 Knots Night Steamers 2½ hours only.

Through Tickets and Registration of Luggage from London (Victoria, Holborn Viaduct, St. Paul's, and Horse Hill Stations) to the principal  
stations on the Continent and vice versa. THROUGH COMMUNICATIONS between LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM,  
and QUEENBORO', via Willesden Junction and Horse Hill, WITHOUT TOUCHING LONDON.—Apply for Time-Tables, &c., to the  
Zeeland Steamship Company's LONDON OFFICE, 44a, FORE STREET, E.C., where Circular Tickets may be obtained at three days'  
notice.



MISCELLANEOUS.

At the annual dinner, on Saturday, of the London District Institute of Journalists, the Lord Mayor, as the principal guest, proposed the toast of "Success to the Institute." Mr. Arthur A'Beckett was in the chair. Sir Albert Rollit, Mr. H. L. Lawson, and Sir John Willox were among the speakers.

An important new enterprise is the American Thread Company, which will have a capital of twelve million dollars, in ordinary shares and accumulative preference shares, together with six million dollars mortgage trust

bonds. The English Sewing-Cotton Company, Limited, will possess considerably more than half the ordinary shares in the new company. This will, of course, give it the controlling power, more especially as regards the fixing of prices. Among the directors of the American Thread Company will be found the three managing directors of the English Sewing-Cotton Company—namely, Messrs. Algernon Dewhurst, J. E. Lawton, and W. M. Manlove. This new arrangement will be of the greatest advantage to the English Sewing-Cotton Company, as it will give it the control of the thread trade in the United States and Canada, thus preventing other foreign complications

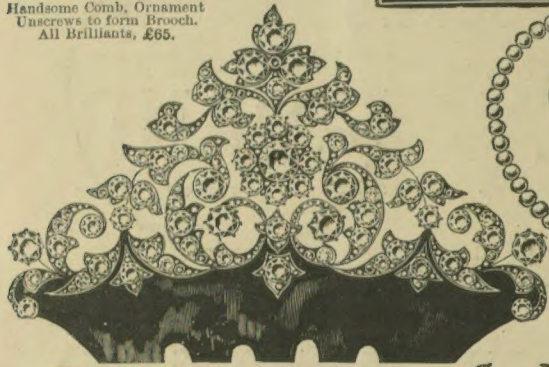
in the trade, and forming a further binding link between the J. P. Coats Company and the English Sewing-Cotton Company.

A very varied and highly interesting exhibition of French styles of furniture and decorative art is being held at Messrs. Harrod's stores in the Brompton Road, and will remain open to inspection up to May 12. The periods and styles chiefly represented are the Louis Quatorze, Quinze, and Seize. Many genuine antique specimens of workmanship are here offered at remarkably low prices, and the copies of fine originals in furniture, armour, tapestry, and the like are mightily attractive.

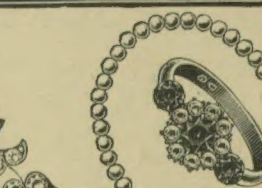
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SPECIAL.—THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C., GIVE HIGHEST PRICES FOR PRECIOUS STONES, SECOND-HAND JEWELLERY, AND OLD GOLD. ANYTHING SENT TO THEM RECEIVES ATTENTION BY RETURN OF POST. BEFORE PURCHASING DIAMOND WORK KINDLY WRITE FOR OUR SPECIAL LIST OF SECOND-HAND JEWELLERY.

Handsome Comb, Ornament  
Unscrows to form Brooch.  
All Brilliants, £65.



PRICES ON APPLICATION.



12-ct. Ring, set with 9  
Choice White Brilliants  
and 3 Rubies or  
Sapphires,  
£7 7s.



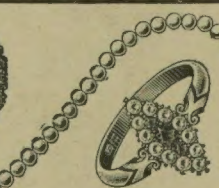
No. 8446.—Fine  
White Double-cut  
Brilliants,  
£7 7s.



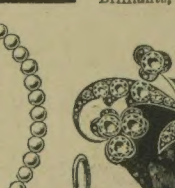
No. 8445.—Fine White  
Double-cut Brilliants,  
£18 15s.



No. 8447.—Fine  
White Double-cut  
Brilliants,  
£12 12s.



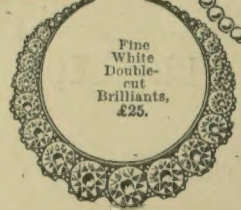
18-ct. Ring, set with  
Choice White Brilliants  
& Rubies or Sapphires  
in centre,  
£5 5s.



Gold Charm, Ruby Eyes, £1 5s.  
Smaller Size, 10s. 6d.



18-ct. Gold Seal, with stone, £5 5s.  
15-ct. Gold Seal, with stone, £4 4s.  
9-ct. Gold Seal, with stone, £3 10s.  
Gold-Mounted from All Gold, from £2 2s. with Seal, £3 15s.



Fine White  
Double-cut  
Brilliants,  
£25.

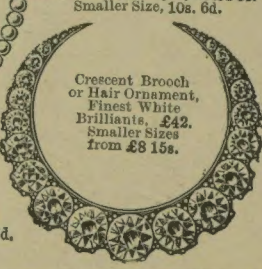


Fine White  
Brilliants,  
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£3 15s. Larger  
Sizes, £4 15s.  
& £5 15s.

Choice Whole Pearl Necklet, with 11 White Brilliants, £15 15s.



Best Gold Golf  
Scarf-Pin, 10s. 6d.  
An Assortment  
in Stock.



Crescent Brooch  
or Hair Ornament,  
Finest White  
Brilliants, £42.  
Smaller Sizes  
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DIAMOND CUTTING FACTORY AMSTERDAM, 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS "RUSPOLI LONDON"

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View of Pen Ready for Use. Two-thirds Actual Size.



View of Pen Closed.

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FOUNTAIN PEN

Leak

One twist of the wrist opens it for filling; another twist and the nib comes up out of the ink ready to write when touched to paper. When closed for the pocket CAW'S SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN can be carried in any position with perfect SAFETY.

Ask your Stationer or the Makers for Prices, &c.

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FOOD BISCUITS  
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